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The Literary Week.

THE books published during the week have been very varied in character. They range from such solid works as a history of Local Government in England to sixpenny reprints of popular novelists. Of reissues, perhaps the most interesting are four volumes in the "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books," consisting of such well-known books as Dr. Syntax's "Tour" and Nimrod's "Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton." There continues to be a steady flow of minor biography. The following volumes are of particular interest:—

FIFTEENTH CENTURY PROSE AND VERSE.

An English Garner volume, with an introduction by Mr. A. W. Pollard. About half of the contents now appear in the English Garner for the first time. The additions consist of some Christmas Carols, a Miracle Play, a Morality, and a number of William Caxton's prologues and epilogues; there are also two extracts on the art of translation, and some depositions in a theatrical lawsuit. Mr. Pollard writes : "As these pieces are included for their matter, not for their style, I hope they will not be considered intrusions in a volume essentially devoted to the fifteenth century."

ROBERT BROWNING. By G. K. CHESTERTON.

An addition to the "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. Chesterton divides his study into eight chapters, the three last of which deal with Browning as a literary artist, "The Ring and the Book," and the philosophy of Browning. Concerning "The Ring and the Book," Mr. Chesterton says: "It is the great epic of the age, because it is the expression of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view." An individual piece of work.

THE DESCENT OF THE SUN.

A Cycle of Birth, translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. "Here is a fairy tale," says the translator, "which I found in an old Hindoo manuscript." The story is a solar myth; its title, literally translated, would run: "The Glory of the Going Down of the Sun." In

form and spirit the story is absolutely Hindoo, and is full of scraps of philosophical mythology familiar to the West. Prof. Bain's rendering has glamour and clarity.

THERE are as many morals to be got out of a sale-room as out of a volume of "meditations." The trifles of one generation are the things for which succeeding generations gamble, and things which once seemed great, as often as not, go for an old song. The other day in New York two scraps of Poe's writing were sold for a sum that would have kept their writer for a year; one was an acrostic—not a particularly good acrostic, either—the other the original draft of "For Annie," of which Poe himself had so high an opinion. Yet Poe died hardly more than fifty years ago.

LORD ROSEBERY gave some advice to millionaires about to make their wills, on Wednesday, at Burnley, where he was opening Towneley Hall as a municipal art gallery and museum. The ardent collector, remembering his Horace and the death duties, must often look forward with apprehension to the improvident heir who prefers hard cash to the carefully garnered treasures. Well, Lord Rosebery hinted at a course for those who fear that their collections "may be dispersed at their death, and may go to countries of whose wealth and enterprise we are sometimes jealous." Let them bequeath these to public museums and galleries.

THE June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" contains the opening chapters of two notable serials; the one is John Oliver Hobbes's "The Vineyard," the other is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair." A quair, as is explained in an author's prologue, "is a cashier, a quire, a little book. In one such a certain king wrote fairly the tale of his love-business; and here, in this other, I pretend to show you all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her that moved it, of that child of his children's children, Mary of Scotland." The illustrations to this intimate presentment of the heart of Mary are particularly interesting, for they are drawn from old paintings and prints.

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In the "Burlington Magazine" this month are five hitherto unpublished drawings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti of his wife, and therewith an article by W. M. Rossetti under the title "Dante Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal." The article is particularly interesting as throwing curious sidelights on the poet-painter's character. Elizabeth Siddal was the daughter of a Sheffield cutler, and was born in 1834. The writer describes her as truly a beautiful girl; tall, with a stately throat and fine carriage, pink and white complexion, and massive straight coppery-golden hair. Her large greenish-blue eyes, large-lidded, were peculiarly noticeable. She was an assistant in a bonnet-shop near Leicester Square when Deverell, a young painter, found her and induced her to sit as his model. It was in his studio that Rossetti first met his wife. Probably before the end of 1851 they were engaged. The name Elizabeth was never on Dante's lips, writes his brother, but Lizzie or Liz; or fully as often Guggums, Guggum, or Gug. Mrs. Hueffer, the younger daughter of Ford Madox Brown, tells an amusing anecdote how, when she was a small child in 1854, she saw Rossetti at his easel in her father's house, uttering momentarily, in the absence of the beloved one, "Guggum, Guggum."

IN 1860 they were married. To his mother, Dante Rossetti wrote: "I write you this word to say that Lizzie and I are going to be married at last, in as few days as possible. Like all the important things I ever meant to do—to fulfil duty or secure happiness—this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility." Miss Siddal's health had long been extremely delicate—at times woefully bad—and she did not attain to anything like good health during her married life. On February 10, 1862, Rossetti found her unconscious; she had accidentally taken an overdose of Laudanum. She died next morning.

A NEW sixpenny issue of Tolstoy's "Sevastopol and Other Stories" contains a preface by the author, not included in any previous edition. Concerning this preface Mr. Aylmer Maude writes:—

It was written under the following circumstances: An officer, A. I. Ershóf (pronounced Yershóf), who had served in the war, wrote a book of "Sevastopol Recollections," and asked Tolstoy to supply a Preface. The Preface Tolstoy produced was (like so much else that he has written) not such as could pass the press censor; its publication in Ershóf's book was, therefore, out of the question, and Tolstoy laid it aside without polishing the rough draft. Expressing as it does his mature feeling on the subject of war, it is well worth preserving and (having ascertained from Tolstoy that he has no objection) I here utilise it as Preface to his own stories of "Sevastopol."

The preface is really a summary of Tolstoy's often-expressed views on the hideousness and uselessness of war. It concludes with this characteristic passage:—

I was finishing this Preface when a cadet from the Military College came to me. He told me that he was troubled by religious doubts. He has read Dostoyéfsky's "The Great Inquisitor," and is troubled by doubts why Jesus should have preached a doctrine so hard to carry out. He had read nothing of mine. I spoke cautiously to him of how to read the Gospels so as to find in them the answers to life's problems. He listened and agreed. Towards the end of our conversation I mentioned wine, and advised him not to drink. He replied: "But in military service it is sometimes necessary." I thought he meant necessary for health and strength, and I intended triumphantly to overthrow him by proofs from experience and science, but he continued: "Why at Geok-Tepe, for instance, when Skóblef had to massacre the inhabitants, the soldiers did not wish to do it, but he had drink served out and then . . ." Here are all the horrors of war—they are in this lad with his fresh young face, his little shoulder-straps (under which the ends of his *bashlik* are so neatly tucked), his well-cleaned boots, his naïve eyes, and his conception of life so perverted.

This is the real horror of war!
What millions of Red Cross workers could heal the wounds that swarm in that remark—the result of a whole education!

THE New York "American" has discovered that Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" is "flagrantly and repulsively immoral." We are told that it is "a dangerous book for idle and foolish women as well as for girls"; also that its author "will deserve all the punishment that is sure to come upon her for her performance." We do not think that Mrs. Humphry Ward need feel in the least perturbed.

ONE of our own contributors tried a short while ago to tell the truth about an author. These confessions have stirred the spirit of candour in a journalist who this week begins confessing in "To-Day." This particular journalist, who signs himself "Inconnu," discovered that "the art of success in journalism is to tack oneself to a great man's shadow." It would seem difficult to tack oneself to anything so unsubstantial; but "Inconnu" selected Mr. Gladstone as his first victim, and managed to worm correspondence out of him by consulting him as to whether Dante was ever in England. The journalist was not at all interested in Dante—only in the great man's shadow. He had hit upon the idea "which I have endeavoured to put into practice ever since; and the fruits thereof can be seen in these Confessions—to lay in a stock of interesting associations with great men, and then give them to the world when the great men were not." It is not a very pleasing view of the journalist's trade.

HOWEVER, "Inconnu" tells one interesting little story of Mr. Gladstone, who loved to rummage in the bookshops of the Quartier Latin. As Gladstone entered a bookshop near the Odéon, he found the bookseller engaged in conversation with an extraordinary individual, who held in his hands an old edition of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair, and he had the eyes of an archangel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless, the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. 'Who is that gentleman?' asked Gladstone. 'He has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry.' 'Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!' This anecdote was repeated to me by the bookseller himself, who also informed me that Verlaine never knew that he had been in conversation with Gladstone."

No definite date has yet been fixed for General Maurice to take over the work of preparing the official history of the South African War. Negotiations have been in progress for the creation of an adequate staff. The late Colonel Henderson recognised that the staff he had was numerically altogether insufficient. In the case of the official history of the Franco-German War practically the whole Prussian General Staff was employed. We hope that the official history of the South African War may be as reliable and complete.

"THE HOMER OF MODERN TIMES" bursts this week upon our view. The writer who thus modestly describes himself on the title page of "The Human Epic" (Gay and Bird) is otherwise known as John Frederick Rowbotham. His poem, in forty cantos, he announces as "The Twelfth

Epic Poem of the World" (we remember that the World's Fifth Epic appeared with equal modesty from another author about eighteen months ago). Mr. Rowbotham considerably gives the titles of the other eleven, and includes Virgil's "Georgics," which we had not hitherto regarded as an epic. "It takes a long time to write an epic poem" says the author in an introduction. "It has taken me twenty-six years to write 'The Human Epic.' I was a boy when I began it. At the end of this time I may be permitted to believe that I know something about Epic Poetry, and that having written thousands of epic lines I am able to write it." Similarly the man who has sung thousands of notes may claim that he can sing.

MR. ROWBOTHAM takes as his theme the "Life History of the Earth." "The whole of my early life was devoted to laborious studies, so that I might make myself perfectly familiar with all that Science in all its various branches and through all its various investigators had, during the last two centuries, said and discovered in reference thereto. That task completed, which was the arduous task of many years, it next remained to write the poem. This was the task of many years more. At last the poem was completed and now lies before you. Peruse it. Its influence upon you will be mighty and far-reaching; it will insinuate itself into your most cherished meditations, and open a new world to your profoundest thoughts." We have not yet perused it, for the influence of the preface upon us has been "mighty and far-reaching."

THE informal court of enquiry of whose proceedings accounts appear in the New York "Reader," recently dealt with "The Apollo-naris Poets." The proceedings were opened by Mark Twain, who said:—

"We have hit upon a novel plan and one, I am certain, which will meet with your approval—we are going to let you try yourselves, or rather, each other. I am sure that is generous enough. Therefore, I invite any of you who may have charges to bring against one of your co-defendants to rise now and state them, in order that"—

At this point the speaker was interrupted by a general rising of the "Melodious Nine," each of whom had serious charges to make against his fellows. The procedure was changed instantly: the nine were set to write verses to time, and the result was decided by the votes of the competitors. Said the presiding judge:—

"I take great pleasure, gentlemen, in informing you that you are all condemned to the guillotine by the overwhelming vote of seven to one in each case."

Without a word of protest, the eight guilty poets rose and filed out of the room with their keepers. Indeed, their faces showed the delight which they experienced at the downfall of their rivals, a feeling which completely swallowed up grief at their own fate.

There is still, it seems, jealousy amongst poets—in America.

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON, we learn from the "Sketch's" "Literary Lounger," has put together a book entitled "Stevensoniana." This appears to be a collection of such odds and ends as have been missed from the authorised biography and the volumes of letters. It will deal, among other things, with the criticisms of Stevenson's books, and the unpleasant Henley-Stevenson controversy is likely to be revived before the equally unpleasant Froude-Carlyle controversy has been for the second time buried.

INITIAL titles are spreading like an epidemic among the bookstalls, and now we find the first number of "T.A.T.," a sort of weekly magazine of novel shape, for it is about ten inches long and four inches broad. For a penny you are offered the usual inducements of an accident

insurance and free photogravures, as well as stories by Eden Phillpotts, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, W. L. Alden, and William Le Queux. It may be well to add that "T.A.T.," which might stand for "two and two," or "tea and tattle," or "tare and tret," or "tweedledum and tweedledee," really stands for "tales and talk."

THE "English Illustrated Magazine" is gradually assuming a literary tone, and with the present issue we have the second series of portraits wherewith the editor commemorates the literary birthdays of the month. The subjects are all to be living ones. This month Mr. Clement Shorter writes on Prof. Dowden, Mr. J. H. Barron on Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Dr. Richard Garnett on the Right Hon. James Bryce. A useful feature is the appended bibliography. But this would gain in usefulness if the compiler added the name of the publishing firm to the book's title, and the date of publication.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Emerson falls on May 24, and the year is to be marked by a special celebration of the day in Boston. It is proposed to raise a monument to Emerson within Harvard University grounds. A programme, too, is being drawn up for the Emerson Memorial School, which is to gather in Boston and Concord in the second week of July. The session of the School will last for three weeks, and there will be thirty lectures dealing with the various aspects of Emerson's life and work. Among the speakers will be President Schurman of Cornell University, Kuno Francke, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The anniversary will also be celebrated by the publication—by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—of the first volumes of the new and complete "Centenary Edition" of Emerson's writings. The edition runs to twelve volumes, and is edited by his son Edward Waldo Emerson.

THE latest of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's literary reminiscences, now appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," revolves round Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow. Concerning Longfellow Mr. Trowbridge writes:—

His conversation was simple and easy, and often enlivened by a genial pleasantness, to me more welcome than the wit that keeps the listener too much alert. I never heard him make a pun. And never, in my presence, did there fall from his lips an expression that had in it any flavour of slang, except on one occasion. At the time when the "Nineteenth Century" magazine was launched, we were discussing Tennyson's sonnet, which appeared, a proud figure-head, on the prow of the first number. I remarked that it had one particularly expressive line:—

"Now in this roaring moon

Of daffodil and crocus."

Longfellow's face lighted up, as he took a stride across his hearth, repeated the words, and stopping before me, exclaimed, "It is a fine thing to have one strong line go *ripping* through a sonnet!"

Longfellow cannot be convicted of slang on that count. Mr. Trowbridge's ideas about slang seem rather hazy, or do different rules apply in America? If Longfellow had said it was a "ripping sonnet" the matter would have been different.

AN interesting venture is being made by a lover of literature at Warwick. In the "Avon Booklet," Mr. J. Thomson will, month by month, gather forgotten works of our foremost modern writers. Much of the work of Browning, Stevenson, Morris, Tennyson, Borrow, William Black, and O. W. Holmes has not been rescued from the periodicals in which it appeared, probably because the authors did not think it worth salvage. But there is always a considerable public ready to welcome even the indiscretions of Genius.

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ONE would hardly imagine that a child could get much harm from reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the New York public school superintendents have decided to exclude it from the school libraries on the ground that the book is calculated to keep alive sectional feeling. The New York "Tribune" thus seeks to justify the decision :—

The argument brought in favour of the action was that the book treated of the days of slavery in the South, and, inasmuch as slavery existed no longer, the book should be barred from circulation among the children. The men who voted to exclude the book probably had in mind also the fact that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contained much pertaining to the South as it was before the war which was exaggerated and distorted, and they saw no reason why these misrepresentations should be handed down to the rising generation.

The argument if rigidly applied would end in the prohibition for children of all stories which deal with times different from their own.

FATHER TABB writes to us from Ellicott City, Maryland, U.S.A.: "A critic finds my Matin Song 'more than an echo' of a poem by Davenant. In looking up the name—which I had never heard of—I find he was supposed to be the natural son of Shakespeare. Hence—

"If Davenant was Shakespeare's son,
Unless I am mistaken,
Some Connolly in what I've done
Will find a streak of Bacon."

Bibliographical

I AM glad to have elicited from Messrs. Routledge the fact that their editions of Bulwer Lytton's "New Timon," "St. Stephen's," and "Quarterly Essays" are still on sale. I am just a little surprised that, in view of the special interest lately taken in the writings of Bulwer, Messrs. Routledge have not more widely advertised their wares in this particular. It is very difficult for the average book-lover to know or to find out what books are or are not "in print." In London and a few provincial cities he can generally hope to get the information he desires at one of the larger book-shops. On the other hand, dwellers in the smaller country towns and in the rural districts have much more restricted opportunities. I cannot help thinking that every firm would find it to its advantage to issue complete catalogues of its stock, frequently and in large numbers. Copies of such catalogues should be on the counter of every bookseller in the kingdom; thousands of them might be sent out by post to persons in chosen localities. Full catalogues at the end of published books are by no means sightly, but they are eminently useful, and should be circulated in that way whenever possible.

In the preface which Mr. Alfred W. Pollard has written for a new volume of the "English Garner," there is a passage which has some bibliographical interest, inasmuch as it refers to the extent to which Mr. A. W. Pollard is liable to be mistaken for his contemporary, Mr. A. F. Pollard—and vice versa. Both are writers, and both, curiously enough, have contributed to the "Garner." Says Mr. A. W. P. concerning Mr. A. F. P.: "I have recently been more congratulated as the author of his 'Henry VIII.' than I have ever been on any book of my own. So far from being identical, I regret to say that we are not even related." Mr. A. W. Pollard was first in the literary field with his "Odes from the Greek Dramatist," and his "English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes," in 1890. Two years later Mr. A. F. Pollard published his maiden effort—the Lothian Essay

on "The Jesuits of Poland." Then came Mr. A. W. Pollard with his "Early Illustrated Books," and his little book on Chaucer, in 1893. This was followed by Mr. A. F. Pollard's "England Under Protector Somerset," in 1900, and then, last year, we had from Mr. A. F. Pollard his "Henry VIII.," and from Mr. A. W. Pollard his "Old Picture Books, and other Essays on Bookish Subjects." Is it any wonder that the general public got a wee bit puzzled?

Welcome enough is Miss Lee's "La Bruyère and Vauvenargues"; it will help to popularise those writers in this country. What is now wanted is a similar volume on Rivarol and De Bonald. Something (not much) was done for Chamfort last year in the shape of a booklet called "The Cynic's Breviary," but De Bonald is practically unknown in this country, and Rivarol has been represented here by only a few of his witticisms. Some of these were included by Henry S. Leigh in his pleasant little collection of "Jeux d'Esprit" (1877), notably Rivarol's remark that Buffon's very ordinary son was the weakest chapter in his father's "Natural History," and his assertion that Mirabeau was capable of anything for money, even of committing a good action. By the way, the head-lines of the pages in Miss Lee's book are so arranged that one cannot readily tell where the selections from La Bruyère end and those from Vauvenargues begin. That matter of head-lines should receive more attention from printers and publishers; it has a very great deal to do with the acceptability or non-acceptability of a book. The passion for repeating ad nauseam the title of a book within the book itself should certainly be curbed.

Of the four reprints (in small form) just issued by Messrs. Methuen in their new "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books," the least known to the general public is "The History of Johnny Quae Genus, the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax"—Coombe's continuation of his "Dr. Syntax"—which, I believe, has not till now been reprinted since it was first published in 1822. Next in quasi-novelty comes Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job," which were, however, reproduced last year in facsimile at 12s. 6d. Copies of an edition of "The Life and Death of John Mytton," with the illustrations reproduced in their original size, can be obtained from Kegan Paul & Co. for two guineas. Messrs. Methuen's reduced reproduction costs 3s. 6d.

Dr. Aldis Wright's new edition of the poems of Milton will have features which will give it reasons for existing. It can, however, scarcely be said of it that it will "fill a void." We are pretty well off in this matter. There was Mr. Beeching's edition in 1900, Mr. John Bradshaw's in 1878 (reproduced in 1885, 1887, and 1892), the "Globe" edition in 1877, Professor Masson's (in three and two volumes) in 1874, and R. C. Browne's in 1870 (reprinted in 1894). These, I suppose, are all "in print." Many, indeed, have been the editors of Milton, from Patrick Hume in 1695 to T. Keightley in 1859, with E. Fenton, T. Newton, W. Hayley, H. J. Todd, J. Aikin, E. Hawkins, E. Phillips, J. Mitford, Egerton Brydges, H. Stebbing, H. F. Cary, and George Gilfillan bridging over the interval.

There cannot be too many editions of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which has now been added to the "Golden Treasury" series. Notable, however, are the number of reprints of the "Autocrat" which have been issued in England during the last ten years only—in 1893, two by Messrs. Routledge (one edited by G. A. Sala) and one (illustrated by Howard Pyle) by Messrs. Gay & Bird; in 1896 one (prefaced by Mr. Andrew Lang) in the "Nineteenth Century Classics"; and last year no fewer than four—one by Messrs. Macmillan, one by Messrs. Dent (illustrated by H. M. Brock), one by Messrs. Blackie, and one in the Unit Library.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"Religion" in London.

LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE IN LONDON. By Charles Booth. Third Series: Religious Influences. Seven volumes. (Macmillan. 30s.)

THE last stage but one of Mr. Booth's great inquiry into the "Life and Labour of the People in London" has been reached, and its results are embodied in the seven volumes which have been recently published with the sub-title of "Religious Influences." "Poverty" in four volumes, "Industry" in five, and now "Religion" in seven—such are the three great divisions of this famous inquiry, while a seventeenth volume, dealing with various omitted social questions and containing certain final conclusions, is already announced and will wind up the whole.

As when, from 1886 to 1889, Mr. Booth's special attempt was to measure the extent and depth of the poverty of London; and from 1890 to 1897, when the problems of industry were uppermost in his mind; so during the last five years, when "Religion" has been the subject of investigation, the collection, analysis and systematization of facts has been the dominant aim. Abstract theorizing has not been indulged in. A picture, as true of London as might be, was hoped for. Knowledge, as scientific and complete as the complicated character and the vastness of the subject made possible, was the quest. But the underlying motive of this prolonged task was essentially practical, for the hope throughout has clearly been that London, mirrored to itself as no city has ever been before, alike in its strength and in its weakness, should be enabled through all its forms of corporate life and through its private citizens to move with greater certainty and speed towards a healthier, a happier and a nobler life.

Although the ultimate aim has been the same throughout, the methods of investigation followed have necessarily differed, and an inquiry, the foundations of which are statistical, is found ending in these new volumes, from the stress of the new subject-matter, in something of the nature of a mental and moral diagnosis. The scene is shifted, but the actualities of life still permeate the inquiry in this as in the earlier stages, and, combined with the severe impartiality of its treatment, still constitute one of the most engrossing sources of its interest. But, in dealing with poverty and industry, the test of the validity of most of the conclusions reached was ultimately a numerical one. In studying the religious influences of London, this test is found to take a much more subordinate place. More subtle questions have been under review, for the aim has been to investigate the nature and extent of the effective response made to the organized forces of religion, and, as the introduction truly says "the subject is one in which figures may easily be pressed too far, and if trusted too much are likely to be more than usually dangerous." Up to this point, therefore, Mr. Booth and his fellow-workers have been dealing, as it were, with the life that London wears on its sleeve (although to find much of it, they have often had to dive into workshop and slum), but now in these last volumes, they deal rather with its inner and more hidden life. Formerly, with the physical and the concrete; now with the more subtle phenomena of spiritual and moral experiences.

In another way, the point of view seems rather to have changed. In the two earlier stages of the inquiry, the questions first put have been: What are the facts? What are the nature and extent of the social and industrial problems of London? In the third stage it has rather been: What is being done to meet these problems? Although, in considering more especially what the religious bodies are attempting as remedial agencies, the general scope and efficiency of their work has been also examined.

The limitations of such an attempt are most obvious, and many of them are mentioned by Mr. Booth. Not only is no effort made to take up the position of "critic of religious truth," but the wide field covered by religious influences beyond such as is identified with the churches is recognised and avowedly left uncovered. "The most religious may be those whose professions are fewest; who may give no sign to the world of their inner spiritual life. The form of reserve that hates to display feeling is a national quality," and in no way is this quality more apt to show itself than in matters of religion, perhaps as the deepest stream shows fewest ripples. "Men are often more religious than is known," or, as many are quoted as having said: "There is more latent religion than is imagined." Many may have no central shrine, and be the poorer for the loss of it. Others may find it, it may be, in the home or in the open fields; in the crowded street or in the workshop; in the council chamber or the study. We cannot tell. But we do know that "public worship" is not the measure of the religious life of London, nor are religious organizations the measure of its scope. The researches of Mr. Booth are, however, admittedly confined to the manifestations of religious activity: to the extent of the avowed adherence; to the congregations; to the allied associations of every kind; to the social and charitable offshoots; to the relation of the various religious bodies to each other; and to the response with which they meet when they endeavour to spread their influence beyond the ranks of their immediate following.

In the pursuit of this investigation a threefold inductive method has been followed of interview, of observation, and of the study of authoritative and representative printed matter. The results of all these sources of information have been carefully used, and checked one against the other. The first six volumes give a detailed survey of London, based primarily on observation and interview, and in the process side-lights are thrown on many questions—on local government, on intemperance, on the administration of charity, on marriage, on housing, on thrift, on vice, on habits and on amusements. Mr. Booth's wonderful map of London has been revised and enlarged, and its graphic presentation of the social characteristics of the metropolis is divided up among these volumes in convenient sections. In the seventh volume more general aspects of the questions raised are considered, and for some readers it is probable that these chapters will have the greatest interest. But the scheme of the whole seven volumes ought clearly to be taken into account in judging of any single part. The field covered is so extensive that at least minor inaccuracies are almost certain to be discovered; while many individuals will doubtless not be best pleased, it may be by the criticisms on, or it may be with the little space allowed to, their own particular field of work. In some cases it must have required courage to say the word that seemed true, and for an honest attempt to give the truth all men should be grateful, although by some the personal application of the following remark has doubtless to be learnt, that "in so far as denominations appear to regard themselves as of intrinsic individual importance, they are apt to lose moral status in the public view."

It is the restrained and impartial character of the book that should carry conviction to the mind of its readers. As we turn over the pages much passes before the eye: the manifold variety of the religious organizations of London; their differences in matters of belief or observance, fitting themselves thus to the diverse demands of the human soul; their differences in constitution and government; their wonderful army of workers, professional and volunteer; their zeal; their innumerable and beneficent enterprises; but also their frequent lack of social insight, and of the spirit of tolerance. We can watch the play of conscience, but look almost in vain for any sign of ecclesiastical authority. In almost every church, we see the inner band of convinced adherents;

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in most the conventional or self-interested following; but always there are the multitudes outside, beyond the pale.

The volumes are thus very far from containing anything of the nature of an indictment of the religious agencies of London, but they nevertheless emphasize with an almost terrible force the limitations alike of their power, of their largeness of view, and of their wisdom. Vigour, however, is shown to be rarely wanting, and even the rivalries and jealousies that are not infrequently revealed are admittedly preferable to stagnation, for out of movement may come fusion, and even a great revival of moral and spiritual force.

If, however, we ask: is the result "success" or "failure"? and give the answer in one term or the other, we seem to miss the real significance of these volumes. Both elements are constantly intermingled. Moreover, the sphere of influence, be it good or bad, is difficult to trace. Source and extent are alike hard to determine. If, however, as the evidence of these volumes certainly seems to point, objective authority in religious matters is waning; if the disciplinary, or formal, observances of religion are being neglected, this will, perhaps, after all, be a matter of no great moment, if consciences are not being at the same time dulled. And there is reason to think that, although religious beliefs can never, and observances can rarely be enforced, the impress of the characters of good men knows no weakening. As a Wesleyan, who is quoted, says, "In London, the best man wins, irrespective of dogma," and as Mr. Booth himself writes: "The saintly, self-sacrificing life is that which strikes the imagination of the poor as nothing else does."

But even the best men have difficulty in maintaining the just equipoise between end and means, and in being willing to let the latter go, if without it and in other ways the former is being attained. "For God's work," says a clergyman of the English Church, "there is too much of the feeling 'this is grist for my mill.'" And the difficulty must be a very real one even for the least self-centred of men, of seeing their own barque going down, and another under full sail, even though this be the better equipped and be making more surely for the haven that both desire. Hence, jealousies are apt to spring up, even from the competition of agencies that are in themselves admirable and even desirable, and for many individual men, struggling, innovating, evangelizing, giving, as well as for those devout women whose anxious spirits wear them out, the healing message is perhaps the same: "Be still, and know that I am God;" and the thought may be applicable to some corporations, no less than to individuals.

This reflection suggests that some even of the larger facts and conclusions revealed in these volumes possess an importance that is not only essentially relative, but perhaps also temporary. Among the former, for instance, the numerical insignificance of the Roman Catholics, or the practical failure of the Salvation Army as an evangelizing agency; among the latter, the strong and the weak points in the various denominations as these are indicated by Mr. Booth: as, for instance, the "self-satisfaction" that is apt to temper the social vigour of the Congregationalists; or the "too obtrusive piety" which is apt to diminish the spiritual force of the Baptists; or the "exaggeration" which is to be set against the enthusiasm of the missions. Such points will attract, and are attracting, great attention, and will excite much controversy, but, from the point of view of London as a whole, such individual points, be they good or bad, are among the minutiae of its religious life. They may even be evanescent phenomena. Their significance at the moment may be profound, but none can be of permanent and vital importance unless churches and denominations as at present constituted are destined to be necessary factors in the religious life of the future. And of this

there is no certainty. In themselves the religious bodies are but elements in a stage of development, playing no mean part, but themselves changing, carried on by the same stream of life and thought on the broad bosom of which rest, let us say, the theatres and the concert halls, no less than the churches and chapels.

We differentiate and analyse, and consider some parts of the stream pure and some impure; some wholesome and some unwholesome; but the matter of importance is not sectional virtue or strength; or even sectional vice or weakness, but the nature and relative strength of the emanation of opposing qualities. Is the whole stream becoming more limpid or more turbid? Is the common life becoming more spiritual or more gross? Are poor men being made more free or more dependent? Is vision widening or narrowing? Is the love of truth deepening, or the spirit of cynicism spreading, with its offspring of bitterness or indifference? Are ambitions becoming nobler or more sordid? Is the spirit of righteousness dwelling more and more in the hearts of men, or the demon of base desires? It is the answers to such questions that are of essential importance. In comparison with them, the strength or the weakness of the particular churches or denominations, however splendid their traditions or great their position, do not count. This or that form of external authority or church government can hardly ever be paramount again in spiritual matters; conscience may be everything. As Vinet has written: "It is not by institutions, however perfect they may be, but by saintly individualities that the Gospel is propagated and the Kingdom of God founded here below." It is because the unessential appears to have been rightly appraised in these remarkable volumes; the relative value of every religious phase frankly recognized; and intolerant or absolute pretensions gently but firmly brushed on one side, that they are destined to make their mark, both now and in the future. They themselves will become a new "influence" in the life of London, and one, to those who will read with open minds, not less of hope than of warning.

New Ruskin.

LETTERS TO M. G. AND H. G. By John Ruskin. (Privately Printed.)

ONE comes to feel more and more that everything which Ruskin wrote had a value beyond the mere personal value. His was a mind so curiously and vividly alive, so delicately sensitive to the concerns both of the flesh and spirit, that he never set pen to paper without hints, shadowings, interpretations of the things which matter. He combined a certain aloofness from ordinary life with an astonishing grip of certain primary elements of ordinary life; to him the world was infinitely beautiful and infinitely misunderstood, so that he was at once a prophet of its possibilities and a profound pessimist concerning its modern tendencies. Yet, even in his most perverse moods, he is to be taken seriously, for each mood was a reflex of a multiform personality which always strove after the highest. He was often illogical, not seldom unjust, and sometimes strangely undiscerning; but always he was sincere and always beautifully lucid in expression.

The letters in the volume before us were addressed to two daughters of the late Mr. Gladstone. It seems at first sight curious that a strong friendship should have existed between Ruskin and a man so involved in active politics as Gladstone. At a hundred points they were temperamentally antagonistic; the one was a born optimist, the other, though a prophet of hope, was a kind of servant of despair. Certainly in his later years Ruskin was as one crying to those whom he considered to be children of the prison-house; Gladstone, on the other

hand, never lost faith in the people or in himself. The immediate cause of the meeting between the two was an article by Ruskin in the "Nineteenth Century," an article which had deeply moved Gladstone. Ruskin accepted an invitation to Hawarden with unconcealed misgivings; Canon Scott Holland tells us that in order, if necessary, to cover his retreat, he had secured a telegram summoning him home. But the misgivings vanished; Ruskin came to see that although he and Gladstone could never agree, his host was as convinced and sincere as himself. Accordingly Ruskin, with characteristic frankness, recanted all he had thought or said against Gladstone, and though he afterwards, in print, deplored his policy and described him as a "wind-bag," his political attitude never affected his admiration for the man.

From this visit to Hawarden sprang the friendships which these letters record, friendships of the kind which Ruskin so loved to cultivate, ranging in their expression from childish gaiety to searching comments upon character and life. The volume is prefaced by an introduction by Mr. George Wyndham, which is followed by some extracts from a diary whose writer is not named. From this, before proceeding to the letters, we will take a couple of extracts. Ruskin maintained that museums were conducted on entirely wrong lines; he would have eliminated all ugliness and deformity on the ground that true knowledge only came from beauty: "In museums we ought to have specimens—the loveliest, most perfect that are to be found—of Nature's handiwork. Birds in all their feathers, animals in their skins. I don't even desire to see a Dodo in its skeleton state; I never saw one in its plumage, and why should I wish to see one without?" There we have a true Ruskinian perversity. Again: "The man who has failed in any subject has no right whatsoever to say one word respecting the subject in which he has failed." To which he added pathetically that he spoke as one who had entirely failed.

The letters range between the nine years 1878–1887. Those written to "M. G." soon become intimately affectionate; his love went out to "sibyls and children and vestals" with an almost pathetic strength. There was, indeed, much of the woman in John Ruskin; he learned in the intuitive woman's way, and though he was mentally self-centred he was continually casting about for support. He found in Miss Gladstone's music a source of the solace which so keenly appealed to him—half personal and half spiritual. After an illness which preceded a second visit to Hawarden he wrote:—

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

A little later, referring to the sudden death of the Duchess of Argyll, he wrote:—

It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess's death, but you know I never know anything that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble and not selfish.

In the same letter, concerning the illness of another friend, he said: ". . . I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore."

Of Browning Ruskin had not always a great opinion: "He knows much of music, does he not? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords." Yet he was pleased when Miss Gladstone called him "Aprile." "I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read Paracelsus first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me. I

do so like to be called names." We must quote, for its singular aptness, Paracelsus on Aprile:—

How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin;
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set
In slow despondency's Eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?

We cannot follow these letters in connected sequence; we must content ourselves with quoting a few passages which serve to illustrate Ruskin's character and general attitude:—

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning to his real life. Nay, perhaps, also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women.

If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three quarters of once in my life).

Those who possess the land must live on it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before that Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is Mine."

This delightful volume will be very welcome to all lovers of Ruskin, and who that has the old desire for beauty and sincerity and a true regard for the noble and lucid English tongue does not love him? Ruskin, indeed, is one of the few writers with whom, on certain points and even important points, we may entirely disagree without losing affection and inspiration. There was about him something of the strayed angel, combined with a sincere and poignant humanity; he sowed lavishly of his best, and reaped affection and, in a sort, despair. But the affection kept him sweet, and the despair was not without possibilities of divine hope.

Only a small edition of the volume we have been considering was issued, but we understand that a few copies remain. These may be obtained, at a cost of one guinea, from the University Press, Oxford.

Anarchism's Social Side.

A GIRL AMONG THE ANARCHISTS. By Isabel Meredith. (Duckworth. 6s.)

This is, in some respects, rather a remarkable book. People who happen to be interested in the Anarchist movement can procure Anarchist literature, and as a rule pretty sorry stuff it is, but it is not often that an intelligent person writes of the movement's active propagandists from the inside. This Isabel Meredith has done. The volume has a preface by Mr. Morley Roberts, in which he says:—

Isabel Meredith, whom I had the pleasure of knowing when she was a more humble member of the staff of the "Tocsin" than the editor, occupies, to my knowledge, a very curious and unique position in the history of English Anarchism. There is nothing whatever in "A Girl among the Anarchists" which is invented, the whole thing is an experience told very simply, but I think convincingly.

23 May, 1903.

Mr. Roberts thinks that "such a human document must appear incredible to the ordinary reader"; we do not see why it should appear incredible at all. Indeed, the author's experiences were just such as we should have expected, and her narrative merely confirms our own impressions. Fortunately the violent Anarchist school has not made much practical progress in England, though the theoretical Anarchist is not uncommon even at most respectable suburban dinner tables. We have heard the Anarchist creed propounded with more force in a law-loving London club than on any of its accepted platforms. But the writer of the present volume does not concern herself to much purpose with the Anarchist position; she was confessedly an enthusiast, and enthusiasts have no time for close thought. It was the squalid fun of many of the proceedings and the people which began to shake her allegiance. "I fancy people," she writes, "with a keen sense of humour are rarely enthusiasts; certainly when I began to see the ludicrous side of much of what I had taken to be the hard earnest of life, my revolutionary ardour cooled." Humour is a fine sedative for the world's fevers.

The Anarchists with whom the author was associated were, in the main, a queer set: wastrels ready to accept any creed which might give them occasional free quarters, faddists who must always attain to the abnormal, theoretic peddlers to whom revolutionary talk in a back-room is the breath of life. A girl who had leisure and money was certain to be welcomed by such a crowd, and she was welcomed. But leavening this unpromising lump of unattached humanity were certain almost heroic figures, men of profound and passionate belief. Armitage, Nekrovitch, Kosinski, and Giannoli had faith and faith's faculty for sacrifice, but of these only one appears to have been mentally quite sound. Two became practically monomaniacs, and even Kosinski, the most impressive of the band, strikes us as a man moving rather in a world of arbitrary imaginings than in a world adaptable by ordinary means to ordinary and human ends. Occasionally we are brought face to face with the futile and brutal appeal of dynamite, but for the most part the book is concerned with the production of the "Tocsin" and the extraordinary crowd of cosmopolitan individuals who drifted in and out of the office, slept on the floor, or sang revolutionary songs to the accompaniment of a mandolin. Nothing could suggest more strongly the folly of most of the proceedings than the chapter entitled "An Abortive Group-Meeting." It suggests chaos, petty intrigue, bad faith, and a kind of hilarious imbecility. "The loafer type," we read, "was perhaps in the ascendant," and the performance was justified of its children. But behind all this turmoil in little there is a real power: not the power of unity, of co-ordinate action, of steady progress; but the power of the individual who is obsessed with the idea of violence as the only means of overthrowing established society. And the danger of Anarchism lies in that. No one seriously supposes that the mine and the bomb are going to revolutionise society, but the mine and the bomb are active forces with death behind them. It is clear that society has to protect itself; the pity is that there should be need for such protection. The volume before us contributes nothing to any solution of the problem; it merely sketches for us the doings and the personalities of certain individuals either foolish, or bitter, or heroically one-sided. "Anarchism," says Mr. Morley Roberts, "is a creed and a philosophy, but neither as creed nor philosophy does it advocate violence. It only justifies resistance to violence. So much, I think, will be discovered in this book even by a leader-writer." It depends what Mr. Roberts means by "resistance to violence." If ordinary necessary and humane law is "violence" to be resisted Mr. Roberts may be right. We can only say that we entirely disagree with him.

Alexander Hamilton.

A FEW OF HAMILTON'S LETTERS: INCLUDING HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT WEST INDIAN HURRICANE OF 1772. Edited by Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

The desk claimed the youth of Alexander Hamilton, as it claimed the youth of Clive. "I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like," he wrote, "to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station." It was a noble ambition, and it was nobly realised. The boy who at sixteen years of age managed a large store at St. Croix, with grown men under him, lived to be a leading spirit among those who shaped the constitution of the United States. And there is every reason to think that his influence would have been continuously exercised in stemming the tide of extreme democracy, had he not perished in the flower of his age by the hand of that unscrupulous adventurer, Aaron Burr. Even before the surrender of Cornwallis, divisions were manifest in the political camp of the Americans, men were soon calling themselves "Federalists" and "Democrats," and Hamilton was a pronounced Federalist. In a letter which is probably his last—it is dated July 10, 1804, the day before the duel with Burr—"Democracy," he wrote, "is our real disease."

Was he right? The reader of this volume will hardly find in it enough material to resolve his doubts on a question so remote and so technical. The problem is one that requires an extensive study of American history, if it is to be solved, nor have we space here for its discussion. Suffice it to say that Hamilton's death and Burr's discredit left a clear field for the ascendancy of Thomas Jefferson, in whom the democratic idea was triumphantly embodied. And it is probably Jefferson's popularity that has done most to eclipse the fame of Hamilton—in this country, at any rate. For though Hamilton is one of whom Englishmen as well as Americans may be proud, since his parents were born and died British subjects, it is safe to say that most of us do not know very much about him.

Or—if now we do, if this reproach has been done away and the renown of Hamilton has emerged from the dusty bookshelves where we had left it to slumber, we have certainly Mrs. Atherton to thank for it. "The Conqueror," her romance of last year, brought back the personality of Alexander Hamilton to this generation in a remarkably vivid manner. All who read that book will welcome the selection of his letters which Mrs. Atherton has now published. They are few: but they are numerous enough to show how faithfully Mrs. Atherton depicted her hero in "The Conqueror." They are a running commentary on his life. We see him in his public and private relations: as soldier, as politician, as minister: as husband, as brother, as friend. There are two portraits of him in this volume. The face is that of one who lived a full life both of brain and heart, not starving either at the expense of the other. Looking on it, one understands the fascination that he exercised.

Large was his soul: as large a soul as ere
Submitted to inform a body here.

Few men have crowded so much varied and strenuous living into fifty years as he did, and apparently without effort. It was all one to him whether he was storming a breach or framing a constitution: and he would turn from either to frolic with his children by the hour. And if the cause of his unwavering success be asked, we shall probably be correct in assigning it to his unwavering belief in the justness of his own ideas and to his absolute fearlessness in putting them in practice. In short, he was a man of genius, who had the courage of his opinions.

Faults he had, as readers of "The Conqueror" know. And here we do not find ourselves quite in accord with Mrs. Atherton. We think Hamilton may have been less

proud of those deviations of his than she appears to be. A man who wrote such a letter to his wife, after twenty years of married life, as he did—it may be read on page 229 of this volume—was surely one who must have looked back upon his lapses from conjugal loyalty with remorse rather than with satisfaction. Mrs. Atherton opines that “his annual receipts”—in the matter of amatory letters—“must have been heavy.” This is rather a back-handed compliment to her own sex. But if it was so, we can fancy Hamilton, except in those two known infatuations of his, putting “his annual receipts,” unread, into the fire, with a contemptuous smile. We could also wish that Mrs. Atherton had given a few more notes in elucidation of obscure points in the letters. As it is, the English reader who is confronted with “General Lee’s infamous publication” (page 48) and the affair of one Duer (page 151), with no word of explanation vouchsafed, may be pardoned if he finds himself out of his bearings.

Mrs. Atherton has unearthed Hamilton’s description of the great hurricane which visited the West Indies in 1772. It is rather a disappointing production. The sentiments of the writer on the occasion are depicted in far fuller detail than the actual incidents. We prefer the version given in “The Conqueror”: but then, how should a boy’s narrative, however bright the boy, compete with that of an accomplished and vivid writer?

A Lady of the Renaissance.

ISABELLA D’ESTE MARCHIONESS OF MANTUA, 1474–1539. A STUDY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). (Murray. 25s. net.)

In the middle of the fifteenth century when the new ideas that the Renaissance had brought were everywhere in Italy, and when people had already begun to look back on the preceding centuries as “the dark ages,” Isabella D’Este was born in Ferrara. Exquisitely beautiful, she was from her birth fortunate, alike in the education she received from Jacopo Gallino and in the opportunities she found for the expression of her passion for art, beautiful pictures and antiques at her husband’s city of Mantua, then certainly one of the most delicately lovely cities of Italy; now forlorn upon her silent lakes. It is of an age that delighted in passion of any sort that we read in Mrs. Ady’s admirable pages; of passion often brutal, that finds its most typical example perhaps in the feats of the Baglioni and Oddi of Perugia, or the triumphs of Cesare Borgia, and of passion profound and lovely as we see it expressed in the work of Mantegna or Giorgione:—

A quarrel arose [says Mrs. Ady] between Cardinal Ippolito D’Este and his half brother Giulio, an illegitimate son of the late Duke, who were both in love with their sister-in-law, Lucrezia’s fair maid of honour, Angela Borgia. One day Angela laughingly told the Cardinal that his brother Giulio’s eyes were worth more than his whole person, upon which Ippolito in a fit of jealous rage, hired a band of assassins to attack Don Giulio on his return from a hunting expedition.

The ruffians tried to put out his eyes and partially blinded him. Don Alphonso reprimanded the Cardinal severely, and when Don Giulio had recovered his sight Niccolo de Correggio succeeded in effecting an apparent reconciliation between the brothers. But a few months afterwards Giulio entered into a conspiracy with his younger brother, Ferrante, to murder both the Duke and Cardinal and seize the duchy.

That is the sort of thing that happens constantly in an age so full of vitality, so full of life after the long sleep of the Middle Age, as was the age of the Renaissance. It was, we read, to Isabella that Giulio fled, and she not unwillingly gave him shelter when the plot was discovered and Ferrante, his co-conspirator, thrown into prison. Giulio, however, had to be given up: he spent fifty-three years in prison, regaining his liberty only as an old man

of eighty-three, coming out of his cell in the same “clothes which had been in fashion when he was first imprisoned, half a century before.” We read much of Isabella’s beauty, and if we are to believe Titian, who painted her portrait, now in Vienna, she must have been one of the loveliest women of that age. Her eyes are black, her hair golden, her skin of dazzling fairness. Trissino, the humourist, tells us of her rippling golden hair, her dignity of carriage, her exquisite grace. And her gifts of mind were equal to her beauty. She was the friend of Leonardo and Titian, who both drew her portrait; she delighted in Virgil, whom she read in the edition of Aldus. She possessed a museum and gallery in which she placed some of the loveliest things of her own and past ages. Cesare Borgia, whose triumph and fall she witnessed, appears to have been devoted to her. Macchiavelli counselled her and talked over his philosophy with her, so at least it would appear. Andrea Mantegna was her friend and servant, and was willing to do anything for her. A personality which would delight these great men cannot have been mediocre, and this impression is strengthened by her letters, very many of which Mrs. Ady prints for the first time in English. Though not of the first importance, the book will be extremely valuable to English students of the Renaissance. It is, moreover, very delightful, and will surely appeal to an audience as wide as that which enjoyed the author’s “Beatrice D’Este.” On page 163, vol. i., there is a miss-print of “Austrian” for “Umbrian” and it is difficult to pass over in silence the carelessness of much of the writing. This sentence for instance, on page 278, volume i., is particularly bad:—

It was the first and so far as we know the only visit that she paid to the town where were living so many friends and which must have had many attractions for her.

But apart from the “mere writing,” as we say in England, the book is very charming and of real value, well illustrated and full of curious information.

Swift in Drama.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S. A Play in Four Acts. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

In the romance of a man’s life it is commonly the woman nearest his heart that must play the part of heroine. In Swift’s life, Esther Johnson was that woman. Well did he name her Stella, for she was the star to which his thoughts and hopes never failed to return, however far afield they might have wandered. The mystery of the relations of this pair has never been cleared up. But, whatever her position, Stella possessed such sweet patience and gentleness that she accepted it without complaint.

Of very different clay was Vanessa (Esther Vanhomrigh), who disclosed her love to Swift, “a gown of forty-four” though he was, and whose violent and embarrassing passion for him ended only with her life. And so it is not surprising to find Vanessa the most prominent feminine figure in Mrs. Hugh Bell’s play. The drama terminates with her death; and certainly there can have been few more dramatic incidents in Swift’s stirring life than his final rejection of her. It will be remembered that Vanessa on her death-bed wrote to Stella, asking if the latter were indeed his wife. According to the generally received account, Stella wrote that she was, and handed Vanessa’s letter to Swift, who, in bitter resentment, rode straight to Vanessa’s house, threw down the letter on the table at her side, and left her without a word. This is a poignant situation enough, but the drama cannot get along with such paucity of speech, so Mrs. Bell gives a rather different version. She makes Stella come to visit Vanessa, after receiving her question, and refuse to answer it. Then Swift appears, dashes the letter on the table, and tells

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Vanessa she will never see his face again. But on her telling him that she is dying, he relents, and a dialogue ensues in which he at last admits the marriage. "You have dared to ask," he says, "you must dare to know. She is my wife." The knowledge kills Vanessa. Thus Mrs. Bell gets her dramatic finish, but at the cost, it appears to us, of lessening the actuality of her portrait of Swift. For who that has studied the records of that great and unhappy man's life can believe that he would disclose, even to a dying woman, the secret which he kept with such morbid and persistent tenacity?

In general, however, "The Dean of St. Patrick's" is a careful and interesting piece of work. Mrs. Bell has wisely chosen prose as her medium, and her prose is terse and pointed, as befits the period and the persons. To Vanessa, more prolixity is allowed, and that is as it should be. Several of Swift's recorded utterances are introduced, and Mrs. Bell's phraseology never jars. Here is a pretty and tender passage between Swift and Stella, in the Moor Park days:—

ESTHER: How I wish that Lady Giffard would go to Ireland, that I might be near you sometimes! Do you think she will?

SWIFT: Lady Giffard? In truth, Esther, I would rather her ladyship did not come too. But look you, how fine it would be if you could come with someone else! Let us build a castle in the air, little Esther, and pretend that you go and live with somebody else—not a capricious fine lady, but some worthy soul who would do your bidding and mine.

ESTHER: Oh, how good it would be! Someone like Mistress Dingley, my mother's cousin, who would have had me to live with her last year, but Lady Giffard would not consent.

SWIFT: Upon my soul, I believe that would be the very thing. Now listen, little Esther; I vow that when I have a kingdom of my own, I will look out for a cottage in it.

ESTHER (smiling): A cottage in the air, then?

And so the graceful trifling goes on.

Other New Books.

THE DIARY OF A YEAR. Edited by Mrs. Charles Brockfield. (Nash. 6s.)

This volume has for sub-title "Passages in the Life of a Woman of the World." That strikes a note with which we are already too familiar, and the book is made up of the kind of thing which we have learned to expect in such "diaries." We have, on several occasions, expressed our particular and general opinion of such work, and it only remains to express it again—it is unpleasant and wholly unnecessary. We have read more unpleasant and more unnecessary books than this "Diary of a Year"—we will accord it so much negative distinction; also, it is written with considerable *verve*, and without any grossly bad taste. But that being said, we have stated the case for the defence.

The story turns upon an intrigue between a dissatisfied married woman—her of the diary—and a man. He calls her a "wild winged daughter of the Sabine snows," and she wonders where he got it from. Incidentally he makes violent love to the lady, and she agrees to the usual flight. She keeps the appointment and he does not. Need we say more? Of course there was another woman in the case, and, equally of course, the particularly caddish Paul, apparently, had not expected the situation to develop. We may add that in the end soiled virtue is triumphant. The lady of the diary falls in love with her husband, and Paul dies. But that highly satisfactory conclusion does not take the unpleasant taste of the whole affair out of our mouth; the book has really no standpoint either of ethics or art; it merely plays with externals, and glosses indifferent situations. It is time, we must repeat, that the woman's diary business was quietly put out of sight.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS: THE ANIMAL LIFE OF THE WORLD IN ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS. By J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Half-Vols. 1 and 2. (The Gresham Publishing Company. 7s. each.)

PROF. AINSWORTH DAVIS will have earned a respite from his labours when the other six "half-volumes" of this work are out. This is of the very best order of popular books on science. It is without any charlatany, and its claims on the score of illustrations and so forth are not meretricious, but legitimate. We welcome all sincere attempts to broaden the appeal of science—even though Great Britain seems irretrievably to have lost her start in this regard—and the work before us comes up to our conception of the form which such attempts should take. Good paper and type, most excellent photographs and plates in colour, sound arrangement, and intelligible language—these are its merits. In the initial volumes the writer has presented the entire range of animal life, giving an epitome of the inter-relations of the various groups into which may be resolved the million kinds of extant animals known. Structure and physiology being thus disposed of, the habits—the "natural history"—of our far ancestors and of our cousins so many times removed will fall to be studied, and the work will end with a formal discussion of that theory of evolution which is the only key to its every page.

After all, the question with a work like this is not "Is it well done?" but "Is it well?" Objective truth is such in our despite, but we can never be sure that its presentation will make a true concept for us. As to this little cyclopaedia, however, the answer may be definitely affirmative. The time is ripe; it is well that biology, whereof each of us is an illustration, should be "understood of the people." And lucid exposition, plus abundant illustration, graphic and other, is here to be had. It would perhaps have been better to note that the running together into roulettes of the red blood corpuscles in the admirably reproduced micro-photograph on p. 39 is due to defective technique in making the preparation, and fortunately does not represent the true state of affairs.

BRITISH POLITICAL LEADERS. By Justin McCarthy. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

SKETCHES of a baker's dozen of politicians, with a baker's dozen of portraits. Mr. McCarthy appears to use the word "leaders" with a cheerful, but perhaps pardonable, looseness. We had no idea that Mr. Labouchere or Mr. James Bryce were "political leaders," and Mr. McCarthy's pages do not convince us. However, the label is not of much account, and Mr. McCarthy's book is pleasant enough. Pleasant, we think, is the word that best describes it; the author is urbane, easy, and superficial; he lets us know that he has his preferences, of course, but mainly by omissions. Only one Conservative politician, for instance, is included, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain. It is evident that Mr. McCarthy cannot forget that he was once leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, just as it is evident that he takes no particular account of the matters of the hour.

Mr. McCarthy writes lucidly and with a certain quiet effectiveness; the qualities which made his "History of Our Own Times" so readable are to be found in the present volume, but on the whole the level of the work is not so high. Mr. McCarthy strikes us as a born journalist, with a more than ordinary tincture of letters; he has a considerable command of words, but no true perception of their vitality. Here is a fair example of the manner of the present volume:—

Balfour is a man of many and varied tastes and pursuits. He is an advocate of athleticism and is specially distinguished for his devotion to the game of golf. . . . He was for a

while a leading member, if not the actual inventor, of a certain order of psychical research whose members were described as The Souls.

We like best the studies of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, and Lord Aberdeen. It cannot be said that Mr. McCarthy's volume is either a contribution to literature or to our intimate understanding of the men with whom he deals; but it is a pleasant, chatty book, for which we are mildly grateful.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have completed their excellent "Biographical Edition" of Dickens by the issue of "Our Mutual Friend," "Edwin Drood," and "Collected Papers." In the last volume have been brought together a number of Dickens's scattered writings, all the editorial addresses which can definitely be referred to him, and a complete collection of the Prefaces. Concerning the prefaces Mr. Waugh writes: "The present editor owes the idea of their inclusion to the kind and valued suggestion of Mr. Swinburne, who, while expressing a generous encouragement of the present edition, added that it seemed to him highly desirable that all the prefaces contributed to all editions of the works should be reprinted in the final volume." The volume appropriately concludes with the generous appreciation of Thackeray, which appeared in "Cornhill" after Thackeray's death.

Fiction.

Supernatural.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE BUSH. By Mary E. Wilkins. (Murray. 6s.)

This volume contains six stories, all dealing with the supernatural. One only have we read with any pleasure, one only has given us the thrill which we take to be the inevitable tribute to the success of such work. Miss Wilkins approaches her subject in too trivial a spirit; to deal adequately with the unknown possibilities which comprise what we call, broadly, the supernatural, requires a certain acuteness of spiritual insight, the faculty of relating the manifestations described with some reasonable human quality. Merely to invent occult manifestations is to treat the whole subject too lightly; we no longer care for ingenuities of invention in such matters; the old ghost story is happily almost dead, and we are sorry to see a writer like Miss Wilkins employing her talent upon such tales as these. Such merit as they possess, with the one exception indicated, lies in the characterization; but it strikes us as curious that an author whose grasp of character is so considerable should fail to impress us when she turns to what is, after all, of no value whatever, save it can be related to human experience or touched with human reason.

Take the story called "The Southwest Chamber." This room was the death-chamber of a selfish and bad-tempered old lady. The house which contained it passed to two nieces, who, being poor, took in boarders. When the story opens the disused room is prepared for the reception of a schoolmistress. At once the mysteries begin: a gown which had been safely packed away is discovered swaying about in a wardrobe; a girl carries up a jug of water and discovers it to be empty, dry, and dusty; the schoolmistress is nearly strangled in bed by an old-fashioned lace cap, which floats about the room like a conjuror's property; the furniture covers are suddenly and mysteriously changed, and finally one of the nieces, attempting to solve the mystery, sees the dead aunt's face in the glass instead of her own. We cannot conjecture to what end all this pother is directed. A poor writer might sit down and evolve such meaningless incidents by the ream; but

Miss Wilkins is not a poor writer, and we are left wondering why on earth she set her hand to such uninspiring and solemn foolery.

"Luellia Miller" is the one story which appears to us to have any justification. It has a certain spiritual significance and suggestion, and rises, in all respects, far above the level of its companions in the volume. The beautiful, helpless, and mysteriously attractive Luella, under whose influence all those with whom she comes into close contact die, is a personality which is almost credible. The idea, of course, is old—as old as legend itself, but Miss Wilkins has reset it in a convincing and every-day atmosphere. The conclusion, too, is well in the plane of the narrative, and has a kind of inevitable justice. "The Lost Ghost" has a touch of pathos, though it is particularly and gratuitously unpleasant.

The fact seems to be that not one story writer in a thousand can touch the supernatural either with effect or discretion—we may add, perhaps, with reverence. For ourselves, we can derive no pleasure from the gyrations of silk gowns and night-caps; if the supernatural is to be dealt with, and we do not at all imply that it should not be dealt with, we look for deeper understanding, or at any rate, some grip of essentials. Miss Wilkins appears to us to have made an unfortunate experiment.

PIGS IN CLOVER. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE are two ways of pessimism in art; one traces the cruelty of circumstance, the other of humanity. From this passionate novel, which we have seen miscalled "smart," we cull a sentence that shows Frank Danby's way of pessimism. "The bright elusive womanhood which had bewitched Karl, Louis saw shy and wild, and he wanted it, as men always want to bring down wild things." It is then a woman whom we see piloted into tragedy in reading these pages; and, in fact, they reveal two women whom Charon could hardly have conducted to shores gloomier than those they reached. One is a politician's neglected daughter, whose Quixotic generosity entraps her into a foul marriage whence she emerges a creature who "always did what she was told." The other is an author famous for a novel of South Africa, and she is the bright elusive lady in our quotation. The man whom she thought might inspire a chapter wheedles her into adultery, snubs her pen into silence, finally lays his mean and faithless spirit bare before her, yet never calls to the loving animal in her nature without shaking her with a frenzy of obedience. For he is essentially Bel-Ami, a creature with genius in his flesh like the debauched journalist who prowls through De Maupassant's immortal pigsty. There is no escape from his evil allurements save by death or flight.

Imagine these women moving in the highest circles about the time of the Jameson Raid. Imagine finance in hundreds of thousands, and controlling them a great soft-hearted Jew who bawls that when the Jew is honoured as a Jew he will shout in his synagogue "I believe in Christ; thank the great God I can say it now." There is indeed plenty of bustle and chatter and "actuality" to persuade us that Joan and Aline are women of an unremote yesterday. The vulgar references to Gladstone are to be regretted, and it must be confessed that the identification of fictitious persons with public events is managed rather unadroitly. One suspects a *roman à clef*, but there is neither lock nor key. The strength and intensity of the novel, however, are beyond dispute.

THE PAGAN AT THE SHRINE. By Paul Gwynne. (Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Gwynne's first book contained sufficient promise to lead us to expect something above the average in his second. We cannot say that our expectations have been altogether fulfilled. In some ways "The Pagan at the

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"Shrine" is an advance upon "Marta." There is greater distinction of style, for one thing, and the story is better constructed and less melodramatic, with the exception of the rather surprising climax, which is neither good melodrama nor good realism. But, as so often happens with second books, the qualities that are born of experience have succeeded to a certain extent in stifling the freshness of the author's earlier work; and the whole book is spoiled by a straining after effect and a tendency to exaggerate what was already good enough in "Marta." The local colour is an instance of this. Mr. Gwynne knows his Spain, and when he is not feeling self-conscious about it, he can make it into very vivid pictures for us. But in "The Pagan at the Shrine" he seems bent on showing us how much he does know about Spain, and his local colour becomes a series of minute descriptions that never make a picture at all. His characters, too, lack the lightness of touch that would make them live; and in spite of his laboured analysis of them, they remain to the last a set of lay figures in whom we find it difficult to feel any ordinary human interest. The Jesuit father, who is the principal character in the book, is the only one who seems to us a real person at all; and even he fails to inspire us with the interest that should leave us affected by his tragic fate. As a matter of fact, the horrible ending to the book leaves us comparatively indifferent, so little is it led up to, and so unaffected are we by what happens to the people concerned. It seems to us unnecessary and gratuitous that the innocent hero should die unavenged and the innocent heroine go out of her mind, because of the mistaken zeal of a Jesuit priest; but that is all. As we have said, it is neither good melodrama nor good realism; and until Mr. Gwynne makes up his mind to choose between the two we do not think his work will be convincing work. The pity is the greater, because we feel that he has something in him that is not to be found in the average novelist.

THE BONNET CONSPIRATORS. By Violet Simpson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

The era of romance, in England at least, seems to close in the year of Waterloo, when Napoleon was still the Bogey man and there were smugglers with their luggers on the South coast. Doubtless in time the era of romance will creep forward behind the age of progress. But Miss Simpson has made a pretty story of Marie and the bonnet she was trimming for her aunt, Lady Hepzibah, for the tale is deftly woven round the bit of lace that was required for its perfection. Lady Hepzibah's bit of lace had been given to Marie, and by Marie given to her brother Jacques. But Jacques had put it in pledge for £50. Nevertheless, being a young gentleman with a turn for adventure, he arrives in the nick of time with a bundle of contraband lace, and as Marie cannot confess to her aunt, or to the revenue officer who turns up with Mr. Devignes (a mysterious person with a pseudonym), she has to sit quietly pinching a bloodstained bit of lace into her aunt's bonnet. Marie, we may say, is a very delightful heroine of the Georgian epoch, and in all the swirl of events that follow upon the appearance of that bundle of lace she keeps her head above water and never goes back on her brother. In telling the story Miss Simpson has forgotten that England was not apprehensive of French invasion in 1815. Nelson had seen to that before he fell on the "Victory" ten years before. But Marie made the bonnet, and neither the Commandant nor Mr. Devignes could stop her. At the end "Lady Hepzibah, leaning on the Commandant's arm, wore the Bonnet at Marie's wedding."

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF GOD. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A volume containing seventeen short stories dealing with India in Mrs. Steel's individual way. Some of the titles are: "The Most Nailing Bad Shot in Creation"; "The Squaring of the Gods"; "The Keeper of the Pass"; "On the Old Salt Road." The opening story tells of two brothers, one of whom was the Overseer of a gaol in which his brother had to work out a ten years' sentence. How Shureef, the criminal, got square with Shurruf the Overseer, is told with Mrs. Steel's accustomed ease and force. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By SAMUEL BUTLER.

A posthumous work by the author of "Erewhon." A note tells us that it was begun in 1872, and that the author was engaged upon it intermittently until 1884. "It is therefore, to a great extent, contemporaneous with 'Life and Habit,' and may be taken as a practical illustration of the theory of heredity embodied in that book." The story deals with an English family which had risen from obscurity, and extends over about two-thirds of the nineteenth century. It is deliberate, philosophical, and thoroughly characteristic of its author. (Richards. 6s.)

BONDMAN FREE. By JOHN OXENHAM.

The story opens in a court of law. The hero is condemned to a year's imprisonment for embezzling money from his employer in order to take his dying wife to a warmer climate, to which she had been ordered by her doctor. The book is occupied with the struggles of a man who had committed a crime punishable by law, but justified on broad ethical grounds, to regain his position in the world. In this he at last succeeds, by the help of the judge who had convicted him. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

A NE'ER DO WELL. By VALENTINE CARYL.

The fifty-fourth volume of "The Pseudonym Library." The hero was the son of a deaf-and-dumb Italian peasant who, after her lover's tragic end, fled into "absolute solitude amongst the forest-covered hills. . . . Thus the boy grew up without ever seeing the face of any other than Anastasia, or ever hearing human speech." His father's violin is the first voice to him, and his career as a musician makes a pathetic, if somewhat fantastic, study. From the "hideous applause" of his great success he fled away once more from the "intolerable smiling faces . . . out into the wide world." (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

THE DAY OF PROSPERITY.

By PAUL DEVINNE.

"A Vision of the Century to Come." In the first chapter the hero strolls into the "summer garden" of an American café, where he meets the old Doctor who has found "the potent elixir that shall lengthen man's days and mingle life with death." Before long we are in the year 2000, with opportunities of observing its customs, laws, governments, airships, and its "realm of woman." But on the last page the hero is still in the New York café. A book has been written while he dozed over his Stein of beer. (Greening. 6s.)

We have also received; "A Rustic Dreamer," by Wilkinson Sherren (Chapman); "Old Squire," by B. K. Benson (Macmillan); "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," by Edgar Saltus (Greening); "Cap'n Simeon's Store," by George S. Wasson (Houghton, Mifflin); "Love and a Cottage," by Keble Howard (Richards); "Up To-morrow," by W. Carter Platts (Long); "All the Winners," by Nathaniel Gubbins (Long); "In Happy Hollow," by Max Adeler (Ward, Lock); "Twixt God and Mammon," by W. E. Tirebuck (Heinemann); "Knitters in the Sun," by Algernon Gissing (Chatto).

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Hereabouts.

LONDON round about the ACADEMY office is so full of memories that whenever we are drawn to this subject we are fain to seize upon the first trifle rather than lose ourselves in contemplation of the whole. Here are two books : "The Fascination of London : Holborn" (Black), the joint work of the late Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Mitton, and "Staple Inn : its History" (Bumpus), by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold ; they would lead us into reverie and inconsequence if we turned their pages too long. As it happens, they conspire to break their own spell by repeating—both of them—the venerably dubious story that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. Here we are within the dimensions of a theme ; here is a bone on which we can fall.

The longevity of a loose statement in topography is marvellous. Let some amiably unscrupulous scribe attach a story to a building, and his scrupulously amiable successors will go on repeating it to the children of men. Mr. Mitton, co-worker with Sir Walter Besant, says of Staple Inn,

Dr. Johnson wrote parts of "Rasselas" here.

Mr. Worsfold in his handsome history of the Inn tells us :

The little story book referred to [in a letter we shall quote] was "Rasselas," the greater part of which, if not the whole, was written in Staple Inn.

These are but the last voices. Mr. Hare wrote in his "Walks in London,"

It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square (March 23, 1759) and here that—to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and fulfil the few debts she left behind her—he wrote in the evenings of one week what he describes to Miss Porter as a little story book, i.e., his "Rasselas," for which he received £100.

Thornbury, in "Old and New London," after quoting this letter to Miss Porter, says :

The little story book was "Rasselas," which he seems to have written here, at least, in part.

In Darlington's "London and Environs" we read :

Here Dr. Johnson lived for a while, and here, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, he wrote in the evenings of one week, his "Rasselas."

Now what are the facts? On March 23, 1859, Dr. Johnson wrote the following letter to his step-daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, who in January had nursed his mother in her last illness at Lichfield. The italics are ours :

Dear Madam,—I beg your pardon for having so long omitted to write. One thing or other has put me off. *I have this day moved my things and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London.* I hope, my dear, you are well, and Kitty mends. I wish her success in her trade. *I am going to publish a little story book which I will send you when it is out.* Write to me, my dearest girl, for I am always glad to hear from you. I am, my dear, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Rasselas," we know, was published "in March or April" of this year (Boswell). If it was published in March there is an end to the controversy, because after the date of Johnson's entry into Staple Inn (March 23), there remained only eight days in this month for the completion of the story by himself and its issue by the publishers—an obvious impossibility. Is that impossibility seriously diminished if we grant that publication might have taken place at the end of April? We think not, for this is to allow only five weeks at the most for the completion of the story by Johnson, his negotiations with the three booksellers who joined to buy it, and the printing and production of the book. That this unanimous haste was used is incredible.

But why discuss it, when other and more patent difficulties abound? We know, by Johnson's own statement to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of one week, and that it went to press in portions as it was written. Thus, our topographers condemn themselves by the very moderation of their statements. They nearly all suggest that *parts* of "Rasselas" were written in Staple Inn ; not perceiving that this implies that Johnson wrote his beautiful story in the six evenings of the very week in which he removed from Gough Square (after ten years' residence) to his chambers in Staple Inn ; wrote that is to say, some of its chapters in the turmoil of his departure from Fleet Street and the rest in the turmoil of his arrival in Holborn. Unwilling as we are to put any limit to his powers, we decline to believe that "Rasselas" was written under these conditions. But again we spend argument, for what were Johnson's own words on the day of his arrival at Staple Inn? He wrote to his step-daughter—

I am going to publish a little story book, which I will send you when it is out.

If words have any meaning (and Johnson had spent many years on his "Dictionary") this shows that the story was already in the publishers' hands. It is not conceivable that he would write "I am going to publish" and "when it is out," if this, his first essay in fiction, were not finished. On all these grounds it appears to us the height of improbability that Johnson wrote either the whole or a part of "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. Yet we know of no other evidence for the story than this letter to Miss Porter, which Mr. Worsfold calmly quotes as if it supported the legend instead of demolishing it. The truth is that topographers know their readers to be hungry for anecdote and athirst for sentiment ; and, like good fellows, they do their best for them. Why spoil a pleasant tale? Because Staple Inn is secluded, because its pavement is cobbled, and its plane trees green and murmurous, therefore Johnson wrote "Rasselas" within its walls. After all, he was within an ace of doing it : so—tush!—he did it.

For our part, we think that the truth is just as picturesque. It is as good to think that the grim old house which still stands in Gough Square was the scene of that six-nights' toil. Here from night to night the pilgrimage progressed ; here Imlac grew eloquent and Pequah timid ; here the Pyramids were measured, and the Astronomer rescued from the mists of a distraught imagination ; and here, at some dead hours of the night, when the boom of St. Paul's put its own melancholy accent on a theme as old as man and elusive as his breath, Johnson penned that quiet "Conclusion in which nothing is concluded," save only that when the Nile fell the little band of frustrate souls returned to Abyssinia.

Let us, then, hear no more about "Rasselas" in Staple Inn. If we have seemed to labour the point it is because we think that these reach-me-down trimmings of topography, which are passed from writer to writer—each resolute, perhaps, to be thorough in one direction, but willing to be led in others—ought to be relegated to limbo. Indeed, such a statement as the one we have

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discussed seems less pardonable, because more dangerous than an honest "howler" such, for instance, as rears its head on page 45 of Sir Walter Besant's and Mr. Mitton's Holborn booklet.

Here we find Southampton House, at the head of Chancery Lane, identified as the residence of Lord William Russell, and as an incident in his journey from Newgate to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The writers have made the extraordinary mistake of confusing this Southampton House with the Southampton House which occupied the north side of Bloomsbury Square, of which Southampton Street, Holborn, is a name-relic. The Chancery Lane Southampton House was taken down about the year 1652, thirty-one years before Lord William Russell paid the penalty of his participation in the Rye House Plot. The point of a pathetic story disappears under this error. As the procession to the scaffold turned into Little Queen Street to reach Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lord William Russell looked towards his home in Bloomsbury and remarked to Bishop Burnet, "I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater." Yet a tear dimmed his eye as he looked towards his home. Unfortunately, in ascribing to the Chancery Lane mansion a history that does not belong to it, our topographers have omitted all mention of its sovereign interest as the home of the Earl who befriended Shakespeare, and to whom he may have written the Sonnets, and, as a corollary, all mention of Hazlitt, who, on this very spot, two centuries later, pursued his Shakespearian studies. We have before now expressed our inability to see a happy relation between the "Fascination of London" booklets, and the great Besantine "Survey" of which they are proclaimed to be "disjecta membra." We should have supposed that this great topographical banquet would have cut up into many substantial meals; but, with the exception of one lordly dish, "London in the Eighteenth Century," it has emerged as a series of topographical custards—pretty, palatable, and unimportant. Is the issue of these cates altogether just to the memory of Sir Walter Besant, who, however he failed as a scientific historian, was as true a lover of London as ever walked her streets?

A Colonial Poet.

THOMAS PRINGLE, the poet of "Ephemerides" and "African Sketches," was born at Blaiklaw, in pleasant Tivydale, in the year 1789. He adopted literature as a profession, at a time little favourable to poets, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, to whom, a decade later, his chief work was dedicated. The history of his life may be told in a few words: he married, edited "Blackwood," emigrated to the Cape, returned to England, became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, lived forty-five years, died in town, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His "African Sketches" supply, as it were, the coloured illustrations to the above dusty tale.

Coming just when he did, into surroundings such as those of the Edinburgh literary coteries of the early nineteenth century, it is difficult to see how Pringle could have made anything else of his genius. Burns had come and gone, leaving behind him a bright track in the literary heavens, but Scott had followed close upon him, and the younger men followed Scott. It was too true that

A body kens the Shirra,

and we find in Scotch poetry of the time a rambling, ambling looseness, a pleasant ease in trotting, due partly to the fondness of the Scotch intellect for the folk ballad, but due chiefly to the Shirra's successful pandering to that fondness. Pringle's verse is Abbotsfordian, though

in one or two places he would seem to have had in mind that gentler model Allan Ramsay. Abbotsfordian verse is eminently the verse of a man hurried, or lightly moved, or careless of crushing out the last grain of gold from the ore in hand. Never to care for the perfect expression of the white supreme emotion—never to cultivate the white supreme emotion while man's general food remained mere oatmeal—these were the tenets of the Abbotsfordian school, to preach which they wasted much good paper.

Often in Pringle one comes across lines which are fine, and which haunt the imagination; but still oftener we meet the uncompleted line, the line which a sensitive ear rejects and which anyone with a feeling for verse could turn to something different and, indeed, better.

Here are two lines from a "Noon Day Dream":—

Was formed but of vile and crumbling dust,
Unfit to withstand the Avenger's thrust.

One reads them hurriedly, accenting four syllables as one reads: "vile," "dust," "stand," and "thrust." Nothing is gained by the gallop of the metre save some rest for those tired of the heroic couplet. The very rush and hurry of the lines point to an author careless of precise and precious finish. The same poem has a line which shows very curiously how slight an alteration renders a bad verse good:—

Sailing supreme 'mid his solitudes.

Nothing is gained by the hurry of the rhythm. The accent is thrown carelessly upon the relatively unimportant "his" and the utterly unimportant "tudes." The verse jars one as it comes from the tongue. It is more fitting for the eagle checking on a deer than for the eagle going gradually, solemnly, over wide tracts of blue air. Suppose one wrote:—

Sailing supreme a-mid his solitudes.

With all Pringle's looseness and lack of finish, there is, in his poetry, a note of instinctive selection which flashes out curiously in his choice of words. He has a way of getting in adjectives of minute propriety; words simple in themselves, but when used in certain ways strangely effective as colour, or space, or even landscape. One instance of this curious verbal felicity occurs in his best known poem:—

Afar in the Desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.

The use of the word "silent" has always seemed to me a master stroke. A word was wanted to qualify the Bush-boy; "silent" alone expressed that happy compound of smell and savagery, but the word went further. It gave one the feeling of the wide brown space, lying in a great hush, in a still awe, under a merciless sun. It alone gives the Desert and the picture of its mute tribes. The other words might with perfect taste be applied to some jaunt in a motor car.

Like all, or very nearly all, of our Colonial poets, Pringle is at his best when in the pleased sadness of reminiscence. Like Gordon, he sets himself out to prove the truth of a certain line in Horace, and proves it. He views the Colony, as Gordon viewed Australia, as something outside of, and about him. He is always a poet in a landscape, generally a poet on horseback in a landscape. He is never quite in touch with the landscape. It is something alien, a something to which he was not born, to which he cannot respond. It tells him nothing. All that he had to tell he brought with him from over sea. It lies there solemn and vast, mysterious as a sphinx, magical, "silent," under the sun and the stars. Pringle reins in and looks at it a little sadly from his pony. At its best it is but a setting to his notion of the patriarchs. It is not his land. It is not home to him. Home, home is a holier place than this barren veldt. Home is away to Tivydale, where there

are gowans to pu' and rowans to rhyme to them—where there are barks and braes and bonny dun deer. Then he begins to be a poet:—

O, bonny grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
And the birk in Clifton dale;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes,
By the briary banks o' Cayle.

It is curious that in "The Rock of Reconciliation," the only poem in which Pringle takes an evident sensuous joy in the consideration of South African landscape, he introduces a Scotch missionary, "grave, but not gloomy," merely (the reader feels) to keep him from the wae fu sin of idolatry in strange places. The luscious passage quoted below has a feeling for beauty in it that is strange in a Scotchman, and doubly strange in a Scotchman probably ignorant of Keats:—

And thatched with leaves,
The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,
It stood, with its small casement gleaming through
Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew
Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
Pomegranate hedges, gay with scarlet flowers,
And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet green.
* * * * *

All musical it seemed with humming bees;
And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
Fluttered like living blossoms.

His poems have still a slight sale in Edinburgh. He was hardly the man to strike a deep note upon any sort of lyre, and his appeal is limited, and not very importunate. One puts him with the others who have sung songs (not necessarily polemical) in strange lands—with Gordon, and Patteson, and that greater than these, D. C. Scott. One thinks of him a little sadly—he was a man of fine fibre—sitting over the camp fire under the stars, thinking of Blaiklaw, the green hills of Bonny Scotland, of the lost days, and

The barks of Clifton dale.

The Ethics of Parody.

How far is the parodist justified? And what are the limits of his legitimate dealings with literature? The question arises before us as we lay down Mr. H. W. Boynton's "The Golfer's Rubaiyat" (Grant Richards). For we are conscious that there are some parodies which have brought with them both amusement and instruction—it has often been pointed out that parody at its best is a valuable form of criticism. There are others that hurt the literary sense like the dentist's touch upon an exposed nerve. This little volume is a parody of Fitzgerald. It hurts the literary sense. We ask ourselves why? And the investigation into the cause of our suffering leads to certain conclusions as to the ethics of parody.

Mr. Boynton has taken Fitzgerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam stanza by stanza with the remorselessness of an auctioneer's catalogue, and with the alteration of a word here and there has brought the philosophy of Omar down to the golf links. The task, being done, looks easy of accomplishment, and each quatrain, staring from its own page, is the obvious degradation of the corresponding quatrain of Fitzgerald. We will quote the twelfth and he thirteenth:—

A Bag of Clubs, a Silvertown or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Some for the weekly Handicap; and some
Sigh for a greater Championship to come;
Ah, play the Match, and let the Medal go,
Nor heed old Bogey with his wretched Sum.

We will quote no more, but implore the reader straightway to forget these stanzas when they have served their purpose of illustrating what a parody ought not to be. For a parody should certainly be an addition to literature, if it is to be welcomed, not a subtraction from it. If it is designed to spoil our enjoyment of a great work by suggesting undertones of triviality it is an outrage which should be strenuously resented. For our own part we are furiously resentful, since we have to make a fierce effort to forget the travesty before we can return to the original with the usual zest.

What then are the limits of legitimate parody? Shall we not say that the first rule of the game is that no masterpiece shall be turned into verbal triviality? A travesty of the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount would offend the most unemotional agnostic. Shakespeare seems to be immune, for no one has ever even tried to travesty his style—he is above style—and the innumerable travesties of "To be or not to be" have left the great monologue serenely uninjured. But for the rest, criticism or suggestion marks the limit; and the warning-bell should ring when the parody passes from the spirit of the author to the letter, when the parodist deliberately takes a masterpiece and degrades it, so that the infernal tinkle of the parody rings in our ears as we strain to listen to the music of the spheres.

Many instances of the legitimate parody occur as the pen runs. The late Bret Harte's "condensed novels" never took a moment of pleasure from the reader of the stories he burlesqued. His was not verbal parody, not of the letter which kills. He took the method and produced it in a straight line till it met absurdity. Nor did anyone find "Lothair" spoiled by the reading of "Lothair." The same may be said of Sir F. Burnand's "Strapmore," and the man who laughed over the burlesque could go back to "Strathmore" with unimpaired emotion. Calverley, with his acute literary sense and his amazing power of rhyme, was one of the finest parodists who ever wrote. Yet he worked entirely by suggestion—and criticism of the method. Take the "Ode to Tobacco," which is cast in the metre of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour." There is just one hint of the original:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit.

"I was a Viking old." It is a mere allusion that would despoil no one of any enjoyment he could get from the "Skeleton in Armour." And was there ever a better parody of a great poet—and a more innocuous one—than Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull":—

You see this pebble stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur.
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—

and so on. But though you recognise Browning instantly you will find this merely a humorous criticism of Browning—Browning's method produced to absurdity, and no single poem is dragged in the mud of travesty. You return to Browning with a sane consciousness of the spots on your sun. Coming to contemporaries we find Mr. Owen Seaman following the same course in the "Battle of the Bays":—

Washed white from the stain of Astarte
My verse any virgin may buy.

Do we need to quote further to indicate the sensuous swing of Swinburnian verse? Yet the parody is not verbal, it fastens parasitically on no masterpiece; it is critical; it adds to our insight and does not subtract

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from our literary enjoyment. Here, perhaps, we find the touchstone of legitimate parody. It is easy enough to turn Wagner on the piano organ, to hurl Raphael through a magic lantern, and to take Omar for a round of golf. But by so doing we are depreciating an intellectual security. These are the things that help, console, inspire. Is it worth while to barter them for a laugh at three and sixpence (net)?

Impressions.

XXXIII.—A Frenchman.

HE was a noticeable man, and yet at first I hardly noticed him; but by the end of the week, the regularity of his habits, and his way of always idling at a fixed hour drew him into the spectacle of my life. I looked for him when the clock struck ten, waited to see the tall, grey-clad figure emerge from beneath the trees at the end of the Quai D'Orsay, cross the bridge, and stroll down the Quai Voltaire. At the statue he would turn: then began the purpose of his walk. On the outward journey he paced in the middle of the pavement, sniffing the air, glancing at the river, frowning at the horrid din of the electric cars: he was then the man of affairs; but on the homeward journey he became the bibliophile. I do not believe that there was a single box of old books on the quai wall that he did not investigate each morning. He treated the thumbed paper volumes reverently, and sometimes he bought a book. His face, small and well-shaped, was pale with that seasoned pallor that sun or wind cannot mark, and little lines puckered from the eyes and mouth. He wore a small iron-grey imperial beard and moustache, and from behind his pince-nez a pair of shrewd, observant eyes peered out upon the world. Neat and methodical in his habits, clear and logical in his mind, he seemed a type of the best kind of Frenchman, enjoying the pageant of life, never excited, never morbid, taking things at their true worth, not offended by views he could not accept, merely acknowledging urbanely that they were different from his own.

I proposed to make his acquaintance—and succeeded. There was a block of vehicles on the Pont Royal and, it not being his way to dodge under the horses' heads, he waited patiently on the kerb till he could cross, and I stood by his side. Then happened one of those small incidents that photograph themselves on the mind. Darting across the road (he did not wait) was a student from the South—a picturesque figure. A sombrero hat was perched on his rich black hair: he had pale, aquiline features and dark eyes, and he was dressed in a suit of corded velvet, open at the front, showing an unstarched linen shirt, surmounted by a flowing black tie. A party of English travellers—three women and a man—caught sight of him, and all turned to stare, not rudely, but certainly inquisitively. The student observed their glances, and—raised his hat.

My Frenchman smiled with pleasure, our eyes met, and we talked of courtesy: then of England. He was conversant with our literature, our art, our social life, and our newspapers. He had been reading in a London journal of a proposal to start a School of the Humanities at the London University, and for an hour that sunny morning we paced up and down the Tuilleries gardens, he advocating, with gentle insistence, that the need of our time was for the teaching of the Humanities. The day, the surroundings, were in accord with his plea. Under the trees where we walked there was a hawker of photographs who had paused in his work to feed the sparrows. Numbers of birds collected around him: he knew them all, and when he called one by the name he

had given to it, saying, "Gabrielle come," it would perch on his finger and eat from his hand.

We paced to and fro while this quiet Frenchman, ripe, and not in the least desirous to be plucked from the life he had learned to understand so well, dreamed aloud to a stranger of a wider outlook on life, of a larger self for the individual. The sun shone, the pedlar fed the sparrows, around us outstretched the most stimulating city in the world: then, having met for a little while, we parted. My eyes followed that erect, wise figure, till I lost it behind Fremiet's shining Joan of Arc.

Drama.

The Ideal Spectator.

THERE have been some new plays during the last ten days, and of these I suppose that something or other will have to be said, ultimately. But I confess that, for the moment, I am more interested in the exposition of the faith of a dramatic critic which my eminent *confrère*, Mr. A. B. Walkley, has put forth in three lectures delivered at the London Institution and since published, under the title of "Dramatic Criticism," by Mr. Murray. I need hardly say that these lectures display all the fundamental seriousness, the ready wit, and the range of allusion wherewith Mr. Walkley is wont to adorn the startled pages of a contemporary. What is more, they bristle with points of controversy, and points on which I, for one, shall always be ready to break a lance. Full as they are of sound sense, humour, and psychological insight, the main impression which they leave upon me is of what has before now been given as the definition of tragedy—the good man struggling with adversity. Mr. Walkley's principal object would appear to be to reconcile the irreconcilables, to persuade himself and others that it is possible at one and the same time to practice "impressionist" criticism and to be a disciple, in aesthetics, of Aristotle. The discrepancy is veiled by a discreet arrangement of topics, but it is at the root of the book all the same.

Mr. Walkley is concerned, partly to define, and partly to apologise for, the critic. He starts with an assumption, that the critic may be identified with the "ideal spectator"—*τὸν χαρτίον*—of Aristotle, the man of taste and cultivation, whose judgment is the final court of appeal on aesthetic questions, just as the judgment of the man with an enlightened experience of life—*ὁ φρόνιμος* or *ὁ σπουδαῖος*—is the final court of appeal on questions of ethics. And then he sets off on a hunt for this ideal spectator amongst the various inhabitants of the boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery. He declines to identify him with "the man in the pit," because "the man in the pit," being one of a crowd, is subject to the laws of collective psychology "and his mind approximates to the mind of primitive man." He declines to identify him with Tolstoy's "respected, wise, educated, country labourer," apparently because the labourer also, cannot dissociate himself from the crowd of which he forms part. He declines to identify him with the cultivated man, the "amateur" of the arts as opposed to the "expert," because he considers that the worst sort of amateur is only a reed in the wind of fashion, and that the best sort of amateur, the brain worker, prefers a Gaiety burlesque to any "high-class" entertainment. And he declines to identify him with the producer of literature, because "the excellent, the invaluable Aristotle," said that "a pilot is a better judge of a helm than a carpenter, or one of the company of a dinner than the cook." And so he is driven back upon the "expert," the professional critic, whose business it is not only, like the rest of the audience, to enjoy a play, but also to "appraise and justify" his enjoyment, to produce his criticism, to be, in

his way, an artist, as well as a consumer of art. It is his function to be "the one man in the theatre, whose business it is to react against the crowd, to 'sit tight,' as the phrase is, and to preserve the independence of his personal judgment, the captaincy of his soul." I am bound to say that, whether as interpretation of Aristotle or as analysis of the psychology of criticism, all this appears to me to be very largely wrong. In the first place I think it is clear that when Aristotle was talking about *τοιχαπλεῖς*, he had not the professional critic in his mind at all. There were no journals in Greece and therefore, let it be hoped, no professional critics. And surely the "ideal playgoer" whom Aristotle had in his mind was precisely one of those persons with whom Mr. Walkley refused to identify him, namely, the man of general cultivation, who was rather unkindly put down as declining to interest himself in anything except a Gaiety burlesque after business hours. Just as the standard of ethical conduct is in the man who has had an experience of life which enables him to judge it in its practical aspects, so the standard of art is in the man—probably the same man—who has had an experience of life which enables him to judge it in that imitation, criticism or transvaluation of its practical aspects in which, precisely, art consists. One is not, of course, bound to accept the implicit view of Aristotle that *τοιχαπλεῖς*, the man of culture, is the only such standard. There is still Tolstoy's "respected, wise, educated country labourer" to be reckoned with. Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose activities, revolutionary and aesthetic, are becoming quite bewildering, was lecturing at Westminster the other day upon "The Ideal Theatre," and I thought he put this matter rather well. Art, he said, or words to this effect, is a transference of ideas and emotions from mind to mind. Its possibility lies in a certain simplicity of receptiveness in the mind of the receiver. And this may be found either in the peasant, unsophisticated by books or civilisation, or in the man of culture who has won through these to a new simplicity of his own. You may have a drama which will appeal to the peasant, or you may have a drama which will appeal to the man of culture; but you cannot have a drama which will appeal to the man of cities, who has put off the one simplicity without putting on the other. But, of course, Aristotle's thought is essentially urban and aristocratic, and does not contemplate a folk-art any more than it contemplates a folk-morality.

A second point which I think may be made against Mr. Walkley's theory is this. It is not the business of the critic to react against the crowd, provided that it is the right sort of crowd. React against the crowd of the pit or the stalls; that, no doubt, he must. But a crowd of quite simple people, whether peasants or men of culture, is still a crowd, and subject, as such, to the laws of collective psychology, which are permanent conditions that neither the dramatist nor the critic will be wise in trying to escape. As I conceive the Aristotelian critic, he is, or should be, only one of a group of ideal spectators, but one who, by temperament or training, has acquired a power of double consciousness, which enables him, on the one hand to become, like his neighbours, a receiver for the ideas and emotions which the dramatist is seeking to convey to him, on the other to stand aloof and scrutinise and record those ideas and emotions without any disturbance to the simplicity and sincerity of their presentation.

After all, I have not yet made my point about the inconsistency between Mr. Walkley's Aristotelianism and his impressionism. In his third lecture he adopts and expounds M. Anatole France's definition of criticism as "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces." That seems to me a very much better idea of criticism than anything you can find upon Aristotle. It represents the critic, not merely as the perfect recipient of the artist's ideas and emotions, but as transforming them by

the reaction of his own personality. His utterance becomes not merely the rendering of another, but the expression of himself. As Mr. Walkley very truly points out, the distinction between criticism and creation breaks down. But from this standpoint, the more of individual temperament goes into a critical judgment the more interesting that becomes; and at the same time the less it represents Aristotle's conception of *τοιχαπλεῖς*, of whose admirable constitution it is just the defect to be the least little bit too typical.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art:

Some Dutchmen and An American.

THE contrast between the pictures at the Royal Academy, and the works by early and modern Dutch painters at the Guildhall, may be likened to the difference between a bull fight and a Sunday in an English rectory. The one is all coloured movement and din, the other quietly harmonious and still. The Dutch pictures are simple-hearted and persuasive: in the words quoted by Mr. Zangwill at the Maccabees' dinner, "a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." I had seen many of them before, but the charm of a fine Dutch picture is this: you can return to it again sure that acquaintance can never stale its quiet and unobtrusive beauty. Why this should be so I have often tried to explain, as Wordsworthians are always trying to explain the semi-pertinual appeal of Wordsworth. The Dutchmen, like Wordsworth, saw the beauty in common things, and looking at them, but not in the common way, made them rare. Consider such subjects as a cook asleep over her work, and a boy musical prodigy—subjects offering open arms to vulgarity and sentimentality: then visit the Guildhall and stand silently before "The Cook Asleep," by Vermeer of Delft, and "The Violinist," by Jacob Maris. The dark greys and tender blues of the latter with the player's young figure merged in its atmosphere, caressed by the twilight, suggest an artist's vision, not a painter's model. How refined is the painting of the cook's head, the white linen on her shoulders, and the depth of that inner room made credible by Vermeer's intense observation of the ways of light. Atmosphere relates all the details, and it is only after a while that you realise the full effect of that gleaming line of light on the upright of the door. Keen observation, or inspiration, which you like. A great painter, this Vermeer of Delft, who died in 1675.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has said finely in one of his essays that our thoughts and emotions are often but spray flung up from hidden tides that follow a moon no eye can see. To those hidden tides in us certain poets, painters and writers, at certain times, unforeseen, unexpected, penetrate. For me, when I visited the Guildhall exhibition it was Anton Mauve's day. He made me conscious of the movement of the hidden tide. Almost the first picture I looked at was his "Hay Cart," a little pastoral, just a hay-wagon and an attendant woman under a large grey sky flecked with blue, but how right and alluring it is. Why right? the casual reader may ask. Because it has unity and atmosphere, and because Mauve did not paint it for effect. He felt that unemphatic episode: some hidden tide within him surged responsive to its humanity. Many can achieve this lyrical note, but the test of their capacity must be sought in the large constructed landscape. There Mauve is equally the master. His large landscape, "On the Heath, Laren," has all the qualities—unity, atmosphere, soft blending of unobtrusive colours—that distinguish his hay-cart. It is infantilely simple compared with some of the pictorial - at - any - price landscapes of

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Mr. Alfred East and Mr. David Murray: merely a flock of sheep wandering over grass-patched sand-dunes towards a clump of trees. Like all true Dutchmen, Mauve was never happy away from his low-lying, haze-softened Holland. The Rhine scenery he hated, called it "the toy-box of Nature." This silvery-visioned painter died fifteen years ago in his native land, consoled by the presence of Israels and Lhermitte. No fewer than twenty-one of his pictures may be seen at the Guildhall, and if you wish to know how he could paint the sun, look at it piercing through the chinks of the wooden shed in his picture of "A Young Bull," and the shimmering light on the backs of his "Sheep in the Forest." I hold no brief for the foreigner, but these Dutch canvases were very restorative after the Royal Academy. There, how many pictures of weddings—the ceremony and the feast—have I not passed with a sigh: here, "A Jewish Wedding" by Israels held me for five minutes by the clock. Let me speak of it negatively: it is not vulgar, not pretentious, not new, not conspicuous, not ceaseless like a garment fresh from the shop. Into it has passed from the painter's temperament that something of mystical illusion, beyond paint, beyond words, which partakes of the essence of immortality.

Probably no idea of earthly immortality, nor of the other, ever entered the jolly head of Frans Hals, but, as long as painters paint their contemporaries, his portrait of "Admiral de Ruyter" will be a joy to those who know. This burly, jovial, efficient sailor is painted just as he looked with all Hals's sure, undeviating instinct for the actual. The admiral held his gloves carelessly in his broad hand: thus Hals painted him, not adopting the tactics of a certain eminent painter of our day who fidgetted his sitter into contorting her hands into what he called an artistic position. It needed a master to indicate, with broad dashes of paint, the balloons of white linen that bunch out from the Admiral's black dress; a fine portrait; a typical example of Hals's imperial gift of enveloping the commonplace in the unconsidered garment of beauty. Having taken your fill of satisfaction from the Admiral, make a half-turn to the left where Rembrandt's portrait of his son, Titus, hangs. This is idealism, a father's undisguised pleasure in his son's comeliness. The gentle, almost tremulous handling is very different from the broad sweep of Hals's brush; but the glowing flesh-tints, the lace-trimmed shirt, the chestnut curls are not niggled. It is idealism kept within stern limits. The Corporation of London has manifold duties; when it adds to them this of showing two such fine portraits to the citizens, long, I say, may it flourish!

This remarkable exhibition also contains twenty Matthew Maris's. Never again, I imagine, will the public have an opportunity of seeing so many pictures by this gifted man who still lives and paints—in retirement. You must take Matthew Maris leisurely. He makes no appeal to the citizen in a hurry, and his drawing is not always impeccable—e.g., the primrose-yellow gowned lady with the goats, and the feet of the child in the "Butterflies" picture. But how lovely are the harmonies of his colour in "L'Enfant Couchée"—pale flesh, pale yellow hair, pale coverlet on which this watching child, in her simple blue garment, lies; what quality the accessories have in his picture of "The Spinster," and how Maeterlinckian is the atmosphere in his vision of "The Outskirts of a Town." Also will you find here his "Four Mills" and his "Ram's Head" of which Mesdag said: "That splendid head, in which everything is said that can be said—colour, line, tone, expression."

Having exhausted my powers of appreciation, I half hoped that the sketches and studies by Mr. Sargent at the Carfax Gallery would not stimulate me. But they did. Nothing could be further removed from the grey joy of Mauve's landscapes, or Maris's delicate colour harmonies, than Mr. Sargent's swagger water-colours of Venice. On one of the white walls six of them hang together, broad,

splashy studies that vivified my memories of Venice in a way that I should have thought impossible. "A Palace Wall," rising brown and glowing above one of the side canals, is the very place. Then there are two water-colours of men resting on beds (one with his boots on), the extremity of clever draughtsmanship; a dashing oil-sketch of a Venetian tavern (note the touch of white paint that makes the glass held by one of the company); a haunting drawing of "The Perseus of Cellini" bronze-green on a blue ground, and a "David Visits the Camp." This charcoal drawing has all the illusion of looking through a window on to a real night scene where you perceive faint-grey figures asleep on the faint-grey ground, and two living men moving stealthily among them. It is a leap from his Venetian gaieties to such a study of repose; but this small exhibition is Mr. Sargent in holiday experimental mood joying in work for its own sake, and with a lively understanding of his power to carry to brilliant accomplishment whatever he undertakes.

C. L. H.

Science.

One—yet divisible.

It is just a century ago that John Dalton began the setting down of his "New System of Chemistry." With that great work began the reign of the atom, one and indivisible, which has lasted for a few months less than a hundred years, and which has yielded to its successor, the atom that is yet one, indeed, but many times divided within itself. Never was Unity in multiplicity better illustrated.

What might appear to be the fundamental conception of Dalton, therefore, the belief, that is, in atoms as the ultimate particles of matter, is now obsolete, and one might say in his haste that the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, which has been celebrating the centenary of the atom this week, was holding high festival at its funeral and ironically commemorating the work of that great genius who was for so many years its active secretary and afterwards its president. If the smallest, simplest and lightest atom known, that of hydrogen, consists of at least one thousand parts, and is in reality a microcosm wellnigh as complex as the solar system, it might be thought that we should drop Dalton and 1803, and begin again *de novo* in this year of grace. And this idea has gained much credence. Those critics who answer to the familiar Disraelian adaptation of a bitter French definition are avenging themselves for their constructive failure by telling the public that atoms are a myth, that they were never more than a "working hypothesis" (phrase beloved of such critics), that the kinetic theory of gases, "the whole structure of modern chemistry," the conservation of energy and (why should they not add) the objective reality of the Universe, are "swept away at a blow." Such critics have always been, from Ionian days until ours, and it would be beside the purpose to notice them but that their attitude embodies an exceedingly common fallacy. They think that facts cease to be facts directly the accepted details of their explanation fail. So let us have it clearly set down, that if there be such a thing as an objective fact, if there be such an entity as truth, it is so absolutely; the interpretation or theory cannot condition the validity of the thing interpreted. No one by taking thought can affect facts; but only his relation to them. And before going on to what Dalton achieved let me quote from the "System of Logic" what Mill pointed out when Daltonism was young:—

If one link of an argument breaks, the whole drops to the ground; but one step towards an analysis holds good, and has an independent value, though we should never be able to make

a second. The results of analytical chemistry are not the less valuable, though it should be discovered that all which we now call simple substances are really compounds. All other things are at any rate compounded of those elements: whether the elements themselves admit of decomposition is an important inquiry, but does not affect the certainty of the science up to that point.

This is closely parallel to the present case, which is that the divided, the microcosmic atom is as certain a basis of modern chemistry as the indivisible atom was a year or two ago.

What then did Dalton accomplish? The Greeks had had long before the obvious conception that matter consisted of small particles. That would occur to anyone who saw a crystal ground to powder in a mortar. Newton believed in the particulate nature of matter. But Dalton went further and showed that these atoms are of a fixed weight in any given element; and that all chemical actions proceed according to the laws thus determined. He says: "An inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies is a subject, as far as I know, entirely new; I have been lately prosecuting this inquiry with remarkable success." He then gives his first crude table of atomic weights. No one before had ever ventured to weigh, even relatively, these particles, which were indeed regarded in a quasi-metaphysical light.

Following Dalton, then, we have weighed, relatively to one another, all the known elements, from hydrogen, the atomic weight of which, being the least, we call one, to radium, weighed the other day, the atom of which is more than two hundred and fifty times as heavy. Take water as a simple application of our knowledge. Its formula is H_2O . Now the oxygen atom is sixteen times as heavy as that of hydrogen; the atomic weight of oxygen is sixteen. But two atoms of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen to form water. If, therefore, the chemist mixes an ounce of hydrogen with eight ounces of oxygen and passes an electric spark through the mixture, it ignites; the hydrogen is burnt or oxidised, and water is formed. And the point is, that no residue of either gas is left. They unite exactly because they have been mixed in the proper proportions, based on their relative atomic weights. Now mix one ounce of hydrogen with sixteen of oxygen; if they unite altogether, the atomic theory says that two atoms of oxygen will unite with two of hydrogen; and so they do. The result is H_2O_2 , peroxide of hydrogen, the antiseptic basis of "Sanitas," and the body which bleaches dark hair to a certain fashionable yellow, known as "peroxide hair." All other chemical actions proceed similarly. Take the formula of any molecule you please; that of sulphuric acid, H_2SO_4 , for example. And the atomic theory says that two atoms of hydrogen and one of sulphur and four of oxygen go together to form a molecule of sulphuric acid. Combine these elements in their "atomic proportions" (in proportion to the weight of their atoms, that is) and sulphuric acid will result, without excess or deficit of any of them. But one would need pages to show the value of this theory, especially in organic chemistry, where "rings" and "chains" of atoms are combined to form molecules that may contain hundreds of them. Suffice it that Dalton is an immortal name.

And yet the atom is a microcosm. Take the simplest, and permit me to use precise figures where details cannot yet, if ever, be precise. The atom of hydrogen is now believed to consist of a central core or "ion," surrounded by a thousand mobile particles called "electrons." The mercury atom has 100,000 electrons. Those of radium are not yet estimated, I believe, but are, of course, more numerous still. Nor do we know whether an atom of mercury differs from one of hydrogen in the number of its electrons only, or in their movement, or in the nature of the ion, or in what. At any rate, the "periodic law" of Mendeleef places the elements in groups and series,

and shows that there is a relation between the atoms of different elements: so that "the real is one," as the Rig-Veda has it.

Space fails me, but let us consider the size of an atom. Lord Kelvin has studied the thickness of the film of a soap bubble as shown by the changes in its colour, and, using the wave-lengths of light of differing colours, has mathematically demonstrated that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth its atoms would be between the size of small shot and of cricket balls. Now conceive such an atom and magnify it to the size of St. Paul's Cathedral. How large the ion then would be, I know not, but the electrons would be about the size of this full stop. And so roomy, in relation to the size of the electrons, is the atom, that they are relatively as far from one another as the planets in the solar system. Consider, then, the inconceivably minute atom of hydrogen as a copy in miniature of a solar system, wherein the ion is the sun, and the electrons his thousand satellites; nor need the electrons ever approach nearer one another's orbits than our Earth and Mars, whose mean distance from us is sixty millions of miles. Lastly, take the molecule of haemoglobin, the red colouring matter of the blood, which is supposed to have the biggest molecule known, containing some hundreds of atoms. I think we might compare it to a star-cluster. If each sun in that cluster had some thousands of satellites, the whole would resemble the haemoglobin molecule, consisting of many "inly linked" atoms, each comparable to a solar system.

Whilst star-clusters and the atoms of which they and you and I are composed are alike subject to a common law.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Metre.

SIR.—A friend of mine has just pointed out to me your notice of Mr. Omund's "Study of Metre."

Eleven years ago (on March 26 and April 9, 1892) I began to read to the Société de Linguistique a long essay in which I showed that an English "metrical line," as you put it, "is built up not from a certain number of syllables, nor even a number of accents, but from a certain number of units, which are themselves time-units." Unfortunately there happened to be nobody in the audience who was sufficiently well acquainted with English metre, or indeed with any branch of Germanic metrology. When, after a criticism of other theories, I stated that English verse could be divided into feet of equal temporal length, the chairman stopped me by saying that such an assertion was not "de la science," but "du sentiment." My essay, therefore, did not appear in the "Mémoires" of that learned society. Consequently, there is no record of my paper, except a most irrelevant note by the secretary in the "Bulletin," which note I have just discovered when looking for the above dates.

More pressing duties have as yet prevented me from publishing a complete account of my theory of English verse. But it was pretty clearly indicated, as early as 1895, in my "Aperçus de métrique comparée," and my review of M. Guirand's "English Reciter," both of which (signed L. R.) appeared at that time in the second number of the "Revue de Métrique." Moreover, a sketch of it is to be found in the last two numbers of the "Revue de l'enseignement des langues vivantes" (March 1 and May 1, 1903).

But neither Mr. Omund nor I can claim the priority of our common theory. My first inquiries into the nature of English metre leading me to the study of Phonetics, I soon found that Prof. Henry Sweet, in his "History of English

23 May, 1903.

Sounds" (Oxford, 1888, § 356), and Prof. Johan Storm, in his "Englische Philologie" (2nd ed., Leipzig, 1892, p. 447), put forth the same views as my own with regard to the division of English verse into time units.

Now, though the principle itself was stated so long ago, the most difficult part of the work still remained to be done, namely, to prove, explain, illustrate, and apply it. This I hope to have done, and, as far as I can see from your notice, so has Mr. Omond.—Yours, &c.,

Paris.

PAUL VERRIER.
Professeur au Lycée Carnot.

"The Impassable Barrier."

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Saleeby may be correct in his conclusions as set forth in the ACADEMY of 9 May, that so-called scientific facts and philosophical truths, even as theological dogma, are mere matter of "faith"—outside the limits of the Knowable: yet surely he seems curiously illogical and inconsistent in assuming the absolute truth of Locke's famous postulate, and basing his entire argument thereon—claiming that *Locke proved* the non-existence of "innate ideas," and defined the impassable barrier!

Emerson, in his Lecture on the Transcendentalist, asserts that Kant "replied to the sceptical philosophy of Locke, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired: that these were intuitions of the mind itself: and he denominated them *Transcendental forms*."

G. H. Lewes concludes his "Biographical History of Philosophy" with these pregnant words: "If any one remain unshaken by the accumulated proofs this History affords of the impossibility of philosophy, let him distinctly bear in mind that the first problem he must solve is, Have we ideas independent of experience? Let him solve that ere he begins to speculate."

Does Mr. Saleeby claim to have solved that problem in the negative; or, is it merely on personal "faith" in Locke's postulate that he arbitrarily disposes of Haeckel therewith?

More light on the subject would probably be welcome to others of Mr. Saleeby's readers beside—Yours, &c.,

A. J. E.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman."

SIR,—I write from memory, being away from my books, but feel sure that you will find in a book of Cruikshank drawings, published a few years ago by Mr. W. P. Spencer, and entitled "Twiddle-Twaddle," a picture of the great George himself listening to the Ballad of Lord Bateman being sung in a tavern. It was, if my memory serves, one of a series with which the artist had intended to illustrate a projected autobiography. This substantiates the statement of Mr. Lang's correspondent quoted by "The Bookworm" last week.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

Limericks? or Learics

SIR,—In your issue for July 29, 1899, appeared No. 42 of your Competitions. It turned upon "Literary Learics," for which you were good enough to mention that you took name and example from "Idylls of Killowen," a book of verses I had just published. The Puzzle Editor of "Truth" proposed a similar competition soon afterwards. In one of the references to the subject I remember noticing the word "Limerick," which I supposed to be a misprint for "Learic"—a word that I formed from the name of the author of "The Book of Nonsense," which consists

of stanzas of this "Kate Kearney" pattern. But in the current May number of "Pearson's Magazine" there is a collection of these whimsical little poems under the title of "Limericks," of which Miss Carolyn Wells discusses the origin. Has the name really been employed in this sense? —Yours, &c.

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

Our Weekly Competition.**Result of No. 191 (New Series).**

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best paragraph, not exceeding 200 words, on any topical literary subject. We award the prize to Mr. Frank W. Hacquoil, 16, Victoria Square, Penarth, for the following:—

HADES ON THE STAGE.

It is a noteworthy phenomenon that the twentieth century should have been ushered in not only by battle and sudden death afar off, but also in England by repeated representations of the World of Death at the play. The study of folk-lore and human beliefs, Celtic glamour, psychical research, have done their work well, evidently; for dramatists and actor-managers are acuter than the fiction writers to divine any awakened curiosity of the public. So, with much stage-carpentering, Mr. Phillips became the Virgil of our age, duly followed by a French Dante. But a greyer pessimism than the ancient is made visible in these mechanically reconstructed myths. In the great poems beside the horrible Pit of Shadows into which all men are flung is the alternative picture, known to every folk-lore student, of the Happy Other-World, and there is mention of splendid divinities and an emergence to behold the stars. The stage is incapable of dealing with the serenity and great joy of these conceptions. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" even is usually considered an unrepresentable thing. The ideal in its brilliance and purity passes out of reach of the player's art and returns towards the poet.

Other replies follow:—

"WEE MACGREGOR."

The remarks of the correspondent of the ACADEMY, quoted on page 477 of the issue for May 16, 1903, are worthy of one of the ignoble army of cultured (1) Glasgow people, who speak neither English nor Scots, but the suburban tongue known as the "Kelvinside dialect," in which a "still morning" is a "kèm dye," and a "pleasant acquaintance" a "nice mén." There are many dialects, and those of Suburbia and Mayfair are not the least objectionable. What is of vital import is not the manner but the matter of speech.

Plain, simple-hearted John, whose every act is instinct with good feeling and tact, and homely, natural Lizzie, devoid of "gentle" airs and graces, are not good enough company for this superior being "who felt inclined to open the window." However, we can understand the necessity for an open window for a writer who makes refined allusion to "Truth wielding a dung-fork." There is a story of a Scotsman who prayed needlessly for a good conceit of himself. Such a prayer is frequently unnecessary, "even outside Scotland."

[T. McE., Belfast.]

A NEW WORD.

Just in time for the issue of the later volumes of Dr. Murray's great English Dictionary comes the latest coinage by the enterprise of "The Times"—*whenwhat*. The penetrating influence of the originators will surely be strong enough to secure its entrance into the language, and it will open the way to numbers of similar words. The *how-why* and the *so-too* might supply the labouring scribe with a needed symbol; and the hazier became his ideas the more easy would it be to compile similar expressive compounds. After all, *what-not* had a beginning at some time, and its place is secure indeed.

[S. C., Hove.]

WILL DRAMATIC FORM ENHANCE THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF DANTE?

In the fourteenth century they lectured upon the Divina Commedia in churches. In the twentieth it furnishes a play for Drury Lane. Inversely, truths expressed themselves then in miracle-plays, which now furnish sermons.

Does this imply a law by which they must, sometimes, condescend to assume shapes, as thought seeks words? The constant and serious appreciation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play seems to enforce this idea.

But it would be interesting if we could, statistically, prove who form the majority of the audiences at "Dante"—the usual theatre-lovers or the students of the poet; and which of these classes will be best satisfied thereby.

Possibly it is an alternative between width and depth of interest. The interest in Dante will increase, in point of numbers, but decrease in quality. Wagner is thus offered to the million. But is not his message, necessarily, of an audible and visible nature, while Dante will always be, pre-eminently, the poet of the soul?

"The spiritual life around the earthly life:

The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here."

[C. M. W., Reigate.]

THE MEMOIR CRAZE.

It seems time that a protest should be uttered, on behalf of an overburdened reading public, against the incessant multiplication of ill-considered personal books. Two questions greet every man who meditates issuing a memoir—is the subject of sufficient interest to deserve a memoir? and, is the time ripe for it? These questions are rarely considered by the majority of biographers. Some youth of promise dies, and a zealous friend rushes hot-foot into print with a memoir of superlatives, from which we gather that life never lost so marvellous a boy!

Or some one man rises suddenly to eminence, and straightway appears "A. B. : the Man and His Work," all neatly cut and dried, so that the victim may read his own career, crimes, character, and tendencies summed up for public consumption. Besides the obvious faults of taste in these hurried publications, there is the lack of true perspective, and of impartial appreciation to be considered, for no man writes impartially of the living celebrity or the lately dead friend. These could be remedied by a legal "close season" for victims of biography—say, till ten years after death—when some sense of moderation and proportion will have arisen.

[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

CRITICS.

Though it is so common a thing to gird at the Critic—to account him all and more than Borrow has called him—his functions, would he but discharge them aright, are both useful and elevated. His (sadly neglected) task is to point out to us such literature as shall best benefit our minds. As we seek the advice of another before we engage a cook, or subject a beer to the tests of the analyst before potation, so we turn to the Critic for his opinion and guidance with regard to a prospective literary purchase.

The fault of the Critic herein lies: That he will not recognise that criticism is not literature. What he is paid for is his advice in plain terms—that and no more—and would he but give it so, instead of importuning us to hear him quote Maeterlinck, or listen to his information on the subject of the Greek drama, there would be few to quarrel with him. But subject a book to his criticism and straightway it becomes, not a compound to be analysed, a piece of metal to be tested, but an opportunity for him to show his wit—a chance for brilliant epigram or polished style.

This striving after literary excellence and ostentation of knowledge are the undoing of what should be useful and good in criticism; and, personally, I think it is due to the fact that a Critic is usually one whose wide reading has discouraged him from attempting to write anything really great. He recognises that nothing he might write could ever excel. But he cannot keep from trying to be witty.

[A. O., Scarborough.]

A MERE INTERLUDE.

Through a popular magazine Mr. Hardy ventures the following plot in his latest short story:—

Young lady, tired of school-keeping drudgery, is on her way to marry an old and unattractive suitor at her island home in the Channel. Misses Friday's steamer at Penzance. Next sails on Tuesday. Wedding fixed for Wednesday. Old lover, who is young school-master, turns up unexpectedly, learns her errand, and proposes marriage. They are married at Redruth on Tuesday, leaving straight away for the island to inform them there. Two hours' wait at Penzance. Young husband bathes and is drowned. Young wife takes steamer and goes on with original programme. Honeymoon on mainland. Stay at Penzance. Accidental discovery that body of drowned stranger has been moved out of their very room to make room for them and is now divided only by a partition. Wife secretly attends first husband's funeral at Redruth. Back to island. Blackmail by Redruthian tramp who shares secret. Position unbearable. Confession to husband. Whereupon he, old and unattractive, also pleads a secret which takes the form of three growing daughters on the mainland!

It is a most amusing tragedy; hilariously gruesome. One can almost imagine Mr. Hardy wondering what to do with it, and his disappointment upon deciding that it would not do for his usual readers.

[R. P., Sheffield.]

LITERATURE AND NATURE IN THE XXTH CENTURY.

If it be true that the spirit of an age is portrayed in its literature, then the people who deplore the declining state of our English villages and the strange fascination which draws men to the teeming city have at last reason to rejoice, for in the literary output of the last few years there are signs not to be mistaken of a growing love of nature and a growing dissatisfaction with the restless life of towns. Not a month passes but we see some new book published of the stamp of Canon Rawnsley's "Rambler's Note-Book"—some book which calls men from the city to the fields and tells them, with Shakespeare's banished duke, what a thing it is to live in Arden. The publishers' lists are full of books which offer to lead us from the crowded street to "haunts of coot and tern"—to woods and fields and "pastures new." It seems indeed as if the spirit of the age were changing—as if men were weary of the din and dust and turmoil of the town and were at length about to turn to the country and seek peace by the side of lake and stream.

[R. V. L., Banbury.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF LITERARY LANDMARKS.

Very often contemporary regret is more demonstrative at the demolition of a literary landmark than at the death of the associated author. Now, one of Goldsmith's houses is threatened, and the thought is pain. That material work should decay is inevitable, but I consider that even unto the down-pulling of homes may be applied an emotional defence. Some admirers might buy the house and make it a receptacle for relics—with a visitors' book for Americans. Again, the sooner the destruction is wrought the smaller the circle of the sorry. We may look on such a house and say that here our pleasure was conceived and written, but, rather, we are reminded of historic gossip, with tales of domestic quarrels, of over-drinking, and of the gaming-table. The best monument to a writer is raised in his works. A subconscious vision is granted as we read say, of the man, Carlyle, frenziedly hewing his in a grey mist of granite fragments: or of the youth, Keats, in the sunshine, cutting cameos of word-witchery to deck his unfinished marble column. We can dispense with sordid brick and mortar. For Goldsmith "The country blooms—a garden and a grave."

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

Competition No. 192 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best School Recollection, to be in the form of a single incident. Length not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 27 May, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Lacey (Rev. T. A.), A Handbook of Church Law.....(Richards) net 3/6
Bax (E. Belfort), Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
Wilson (Von James M.), Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology ..(Macmillan) net 3/6
Cheyne (Rev. T. K.), and Black (J. Sutherland), Encyclopaedia Biblica. Vol. IV.(Black) net 20/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Shapcott (Emily Mary), Mary: The Perfect Woman.....(Griffin)
Wright (Thomas), The Ivory Coffer and Other Poems.....(Wright)
Victory (Louis H.), Imaginations in the Dust. 2 Vols.(Gay and Bird)
Polytoplitan, The Modern Trivia or London of To-day.....(Gay and Bird) net 1/0
Rowbotham (John Frederick), The Human Epic.....(" ") net 10/0
Cochrane (Alfred), Collected Verses.....(Longmans) net 5/0
Finck (Bert), Plays.....(Morton)
Oooke (George Willis), Edited by, The Poets of Transcendentalism: An Anthology(Gay and Bird) net 9/0
Trowbridge (W. R. H.), Jezabel.....(" La Plume") 2fr.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Alderson (Bernard), Arthur James Balfour.....	(Richards) 10/6
Palgrave (Sir Reginald, F.D.), Oliver Cromwell, H. H., The Lord Proctor.....	(Low)
Calendar of Letter-Books of the City of London: Letter-Book, E. (Corporation of the City of London)	
McCarthy (Justin), British Political Leaders.....	(Unwin net 7/6)
Huart (Clement), A History of Arabic Literature.....	(Heinemann) 6/0
Morel (Edmund, D.), The British Case in French Congo.....	(") 6/0
McCarthy (Justin), Ireland and Her Story.....	(Horace Marshall) 1/6
Markham (Capt., F.), Recollections of a Town Boy at Westminster, 1849-1855.....	(Arnold) net 10/6
The Annual Register for 1902.....	(Longmans) 18/0
Chesterton (G. K.), and Kitton (F. G.), Charles Dickens (Hodder and Stoughton) net 1/0	
Chesterton (G. K.), Robert Browning.....	(Macmillan) net 2/0
Yellin (David), and Abrahams (Israel), Maimonides.....	(") net 2/6
Roskell (Mary Francis), Memoirs of Francis Kerril Amherst, D.D. (Art and Book Co.) net 7/6	
Standing (Percy Cross), Ranjitsinhji, Prince of Cricket.....	(Arrowsmith) 1/0
Breckinridge (S. P.), Legal Tender.....	(University of Chicago Press)
Bayne (William), Sir David Wilkie, R.A.....	(Scott) net 3/6
Chavwick (John White), William Ellery Channing.....	(Green) net 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Broadbent (Albert), The Building of the Body.....	(Brondbent) net 2/6
Bowack (William Mitchell), Another View of Industrialism.....	(Unwin) net 6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Sykes (Capt., C. A.), Service and Sport on the Tropical Nile.....	(Murray) net 12/0
Cook (A. R.), A Doctor and His Dog in Uganda.....	(Religious Tract Society) 2/0
Snell (F. J.), A Book of Exmoor.....	(Methuen) 6/0
Mitton (G. E.), and Geikie (J. C.), The Fascination of London: Hammersmith, Fulham and Putney.....	(Black) net 1/6
Guide to Switzerland.....	(Macmillan) net 5/0

ART.

Weed (Clarence Moorea), The Flower Beautiful.....	(Houghton) net 2/50
Royal Academy Pictures. Part 2.....	(Cassell) net 1/0
The House Beautiful. Part 1.....	(Brimley Johnson) net 2/0
The Craftsman. Part I.....	(") net 1/0
Royal Academy Pictures, 1903. Part 3.....	(Cassell) net 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Lucas (Alice), and Abrahams (Israel), Hebrew Lesson Book.....	(Unwin) net 1/0
Nash (Clara, R.), Bible Talks with the Little Ones... (Sunday School Union) net 1/6	
Webster (A. W.), and Dryburgh (Rev. Wm.), Through Eye to Heart (Sunday School Union) net 1/6	

JUVENILE.

Taggart (M. G.), The Three Goblins.....	(Richards) 1/6
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Vincent (Col. Sir Howard), Russia and India in 1903.....	(King) net 1/0
Booth (Charles), Life and Labour of the People in London. Third Series: Religious Influences. 6 Vols.....	(Macmillan) each net 5/0
International Catalogue of Scientific Literature: Physics. Part II., Geology, Mineralogy, Geography and List of Journals.....	(Harrison) 6/0
The Journal of Arthur Stirling.....	(Heinemann) 6/0
Lee (Elizabeth), Translated by: Selections from the Characters, &c., of La Bruyère and Vanvermaerghen.....	(Constable) net 3/6
Bain (F. W.), Translated by: The Descent of the Sun.....	(Parker) 2/0
Redlich (Josef), and Hirst (Francis, W.), Local Government in England. 2 Vols.....	(Macmillan) net 21/0
Crossland (T. W. H.), Lovely Woman.....	(Richards) 5/0
Wood (L. Ingleby), Vanishing Edinburgh and Leith. No. 1.....	(Hay) net 3/6
Bawden (Rev. H. D.), Lake Country Rambles.....	(Maclehouse) net 5/0
Whiting (Charles Goodrich), Walks in New England.....	(Lane) net 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Swift (Jonathan), The Drapier's Letters.....	(Bell) 3/6
Plumptre (Dean), Life of Dante.....	(Ibserv) net 1/0
Tolstoy (Leo), Sevastopol and Other Stories.....	(Richards) 0/6
Dickens (Charles), Collected Papers (Biographical Edition	(Chapman and Hall) 3/6

" " Our Mutual Friend	(") 3/6
" " Edwin Drood, &c.	(") 3/6
Aguilar (Grace), The Days of Bruce.....	(Ward Lock) 1/6
The Windsor Shakespeare: Taming of the Shrew.....	(Jack) net 2/0
Hardy (Thomas), Wessex Tales.....	(Macmillan) 3/6
Edgeworth (Maria), Ormond.....	(Macmillan) net 2/0
Green (John Richard), A Short History of the English People.....	(") net 0/6
Cooper (J. Fenimore), The Last of the Mohicans.....	(Ward Lock) 0/6
Dickens (Charles), Domboey and Son.....	(") 0/6
Nimrod, Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton.....	(Methuen) 0/6
The Tour of Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque.....	(")
The History of Johnny Quo: Genns.....	(")
Blake (William), Illustrations from the Book of Job.....	(")
De Bourrienne (F.), Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. (Hutchinson) net 1/0 and 2/0	
Arber (Prof.), An English Garner: Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse.....	(Constable) net 4/0

Jones (Newton), The Captain of the Bridge.....	(Sunday School Union) 3/6
Thackeray (Wm.), Christmas Books.....	(Macmillan) 3/6
Holmes (Oliver Wendell), The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.....	(Macmillan) net 2/6

Yroman (W. J.), A Woman's Courier.....	(Cassell) 0/6
Fitzgerald (Edward), Euphranor.....	(Methuen) net 2/0
Pope (Alexander), Complete Poetical Works.....	(Houghton) 82/00
Fisher (John), A Spiritual Consolation.....	(Art and Book Co.) 1/0
More (Thomas), The Four Last Things	(") 1/0

PERIODICALS.

Burlington, English Illustrated, Girl's Realm, London, Royal, North American Review, Review of Reviews, Magazine of Art, Pall Mall Magazine.	
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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Among the books shortly to be issued from the Oxford University Press are "Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship; Germany," by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher; the second volume of Prof. Oman's "History of the Peninsular War" (down to

and including the battle of Talavera); "The Medieval Stage," a study by Mr. E. K. Chambers of the development of the drama, after the invasion of the Barbarians, from its origin in minstrelsy, the *ludi* of the folk and the liturgy of the Church, to the humanist interlude; a history of French versification by Mr. L. E. Kastner, of Owens College, Manchester, which the author has tried to make concise yet complete; and a work on "Mathematical Crystallography" by Mr. H. H. Hilton.

A memoir of the late Dean Farrar, authorised by his family, is now being prepared by Dr. R. A. Farrar, his eldest son. It will be published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co. at an early date.

A new work on sub-tropical gardening will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title "A Gloucestershire Garden: With some Extraneous Matter." It will contain occasional digressive chapters on subjects which are the outcome of the account of the garden itself, and will be illustrated by numerous photographs of scenes in the garden at different seasons.

Messrs. Bell have in preparation a new series, dealing with the Great Composers, to be uniform with their "Miniature Series of Painters." The following volumes have been already arranged:—"Handel," by Dr. Cummings; "Mozart," by Prof. Ebenezer Prout; "Beethoven," by Mr. J. S. Shedlock; "Mendelssohn," by Mr. Vernon Blackburn; and "Sullivan," by Mr. Saxe-Wyndham. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits, facsimiles of MSS., &c., and will deal in a popular manner with the lives and works of the masters. Lists of the chief works and of the best editions will be added, and the volumes will be published at 1s. net.

"Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career," by Mr. S. H. Jeyses, will be issued this month by Messrs. Sands & Co. It is a detailed record of the Colonial Secretary's political action from his entry into municipal life at Birmingham down to his return from South Africa. It describes his early efforts as an educational reformer, his association with Mr. Gladstone's second and third Administrations, his attitude throughout the Home Rule controversy, his position with regard to the Conservative Party from 1886 to 1895, and his work as a member of Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Balfour's Cabinets. Special chapters are devoted to the West African and West Indian Colonies, and to Australian and other questions. The course of events in South Africa has been traced at some length.

"Sir Anthony and the Ewe Lamb" is the title of a new book by the author of "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man," to be published next week by Harper and Brothers. The chief personage of the story is another Beatrix.

Next November will be celebrated in Germany the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Heinrich Ewald, the famous Orientalist and Biblical critic. On Monday, May 25, Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish a "century appreciation" of Ewald, written by Prof. Witton Davies of Bangor. The book, besides giving an account of Ewald's private life and of his work—academical and literary—deals with the controversies—political, theological and personal—in which he participated. There will be portraits of Ewald, and of some of his pupils, friends, and opponents, together with other pictures.

A REVOLUTION IN PUBLISHING.

In the field of modern competition every monopoly has disappeared but one—the monopoly that intelligence enjoys. If a man has risen to the first rank in his own branch of industry or art, it is because he has the most complete knowledge of its principles, because a thorough grasp of the work his contemporaries are doing has enabled him to steal a march on his fellows. There is but one book that provides information of all the latest discoveries and inventions in all trades and arts, one book to which a man can turn with absolute

A Tool of Trade confidence for the most reliable and most recent information in all the subjects that most nearly concern him—the Encyclopædia Britannica. Journalists have long looked on it as an essential tool of their trade, but it is a necessary tool for everyone who wants to succeed, whatever his trade or profession may be.

The Encyclopædia Britannica puts this qualification of specialised knowledge within the reach of everybody, and, more than that, it may just now be regarded as an extraordinarily good bargain from the commercial point of view. A serious book is usually published at so high a price as to be beyond the means of the ordinary man, and when the price is reduced the book, in many cases, is no longer so useful. The prompt buyer pays a high price, the man who waits pays a low

An Innovation in Publishing one. But here is a case in which it is all the other way. THE TIMES has made an innovation in the publishing trade. Those who buy the Encyclopædia this week, within a month of the publication of the last volume, buy it at the lowest price. The prompt man pays the low price, the dilatory man will pay the high price.

This most important innovation in publishing, which brings so great an advantage to the man of moderate means, is not the result of any charitable endowment or philanthropic enterprise, it is merely an application to the publishing business of a principle which has long been acted upon in other trades. Every buyer who subscribes while a book is still being printed, before the presses have stopped, assists the publishers to fix the number which they should print. Every hundred copies included in the first large order for printing cost less to produce than a

hundred copies which form part of a subsequent and smaller impression. The manufacturing of books is,

in this respect, like the manufacturing of any other articles; one large lot can be more economically produced than can a series of small lots. This is the

theory which underlies the startling change which THE TIMES has made in the publishing business. For the moment the Tenth Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" may be secured at less than one-half of the catalogue price. All the subscriber needs to do is promptly to make use of the form which appears at the foot of this advertisement. The price will soon be increased, and those who do not promptly order the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will lose the advantage of this preliminary offer, and be compelled to pay more money for the book when they do order it.

The Stock Market is thronged every day with men who are buying Shares because they believe it to be probable that the price of those Shares will increase. But they cannot be sure. Here, in the Book Market, there is the opportunity to

Buy Before the Rise. buy something with regard to the future price of which there is no room for conjecture.

It is absolutely certain that the price of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will increase, and those who buy it to-day not only effect a material saving in price, but they also secure the use of the book now when THE TIMES Competition makes the possession of it a double benefit. The list of entries will soon close, and those who postpone booking their orders will in this way lose the advantages of the competition.

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